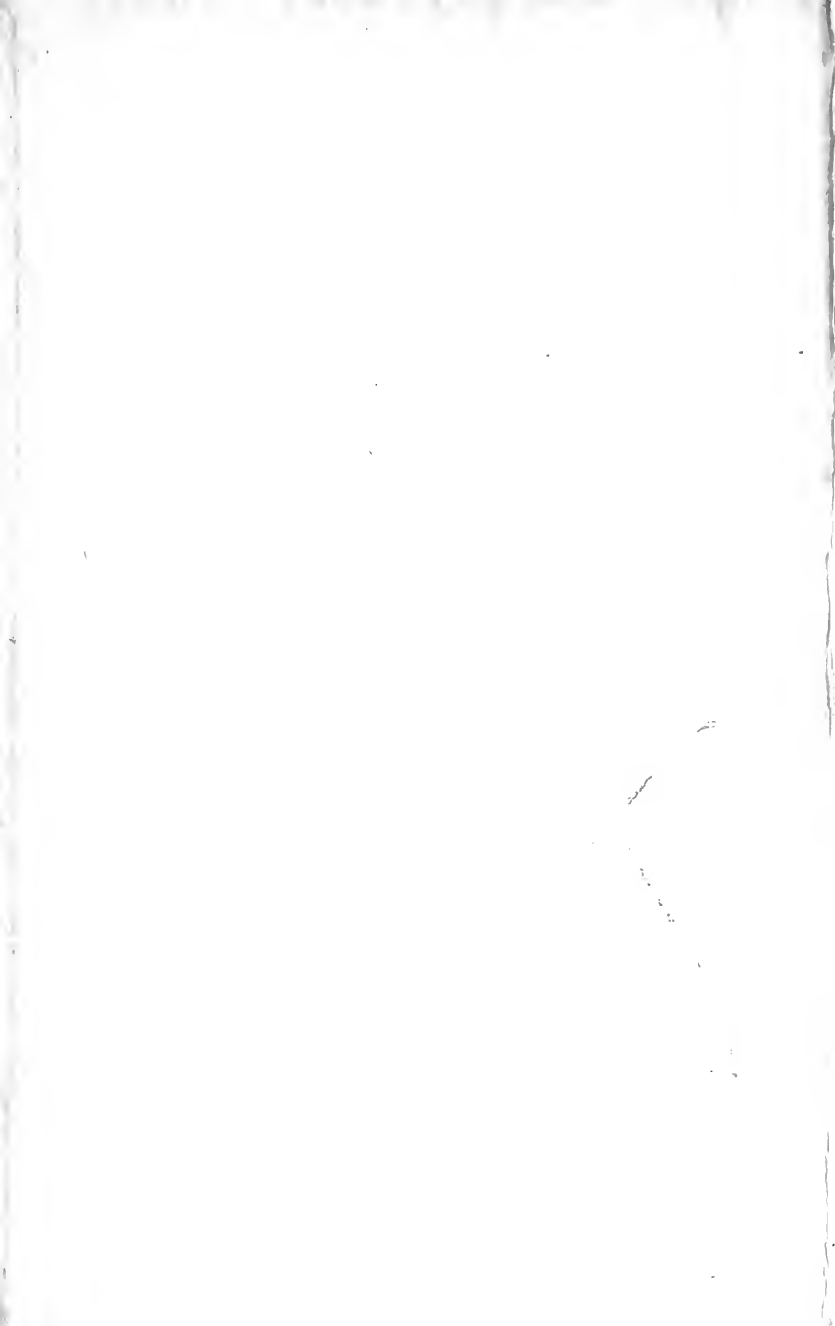


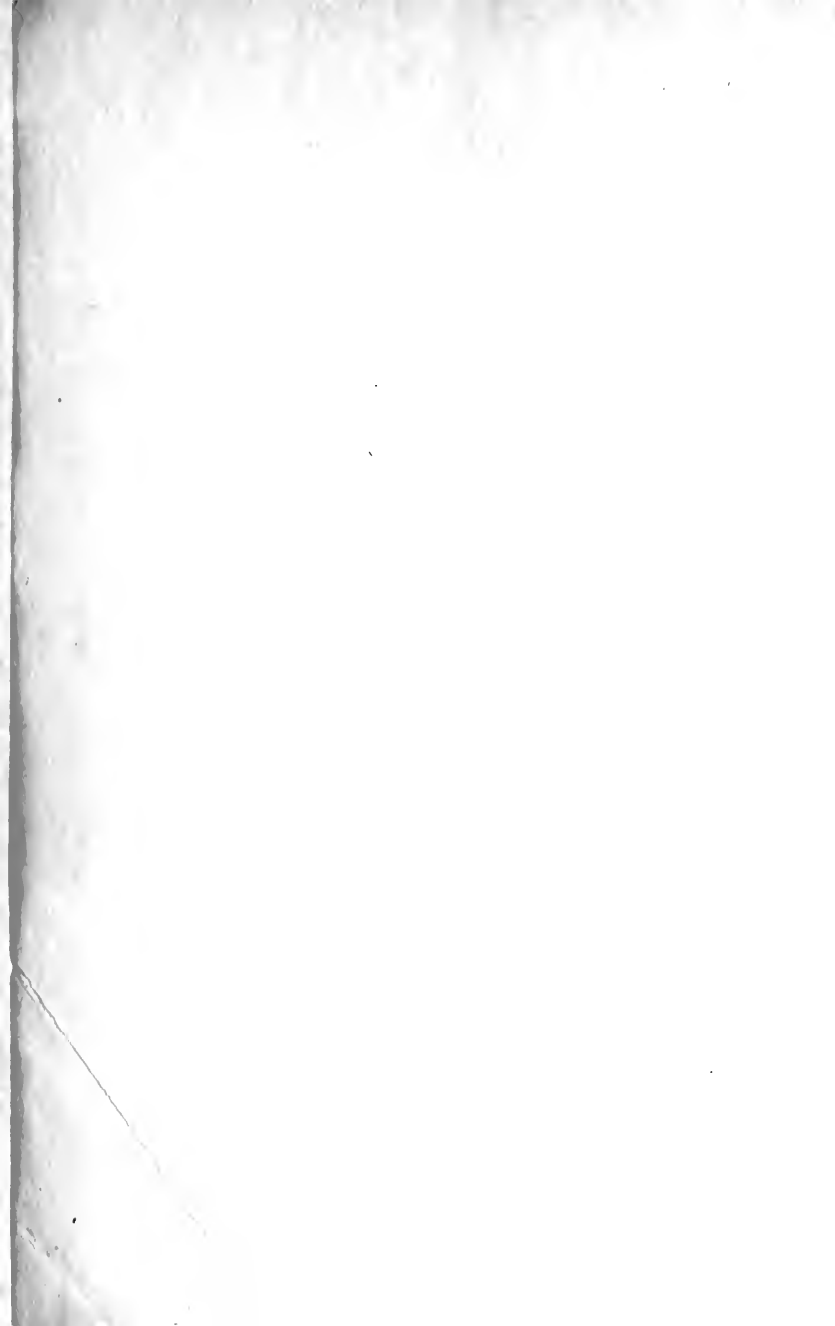


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POEMS OF CATULLUS



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THE
POEMS OF CATULLUS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

WITH
AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY
THEODORE MARTIN

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
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L'Envoi.

TO DR CHARLES BADHAM,

PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF SYDNEY.

How oft, dear Badham, as my pen
Has wandered o'er these lines again,
That owed, when they were new, so much
To your refining critic touch,
Have I in fancy crossed the sea,
That long has parted you from me ;
Have seen the lightning-gleam, that lit
Your eye before each burst of wit,
And heard the voice, so rich of yore
With fancy, feeling, thought, and lore,
Where learning graced with playful art
The higher wisdom of the heart !
And many a form, too, that was dear
To you and me seemed hovering near,
Of friends, whose converse, frank and bright,
Made care forgot, and labour light ;
High souls, that, striving each his best,
Gave life a purpose and a zest,
And knit us in one friendly band,—
Some gone into the better land,
Some lost, like you, 'neath other skies,
All vanished from my longing eyes !

But fate has on the past no power,
 And memory is a priceless dower.
 They still are ours, these friends, though flown,
 And still they claim us for their own,
 And whisper, as for light we grope
 Through life's dark ways, "Remember! Hope!
 What here in mortal soil struck root,
 Shall grow beyond to perfect fruit!"
 A brighter creed than his, our bard,
 Who wept a brother evil-starred,
 Torn by far Troy, in youth's first bloom,
 Away to Orcus' voiceless gloom
 From all that gladdened life above,
 Bereft of e'en the power to love.*

But why such preface to commend
 This little book to you, old friend?
 No fear, if here and there I slip,
 But your profounder scholarship
 Will judge me leniently, and make
 It welcome for the writer's sake.
 'Twill tell you, still the lore is dear,
 He loved so well, when you were near;
 Still treasured in remembrance, what
 The past has dreamed, the past has wrought—
 His heart still fresh, and full of glow,
 As when we parted years ago.

* See p. 151, *infra*.

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INTRODUCTION.



THE biographical memorials of all the great poets of antiquity are scanty, but of none are the memorials more scanty than of Catullus. Slight incidental allusions in Cicero, Suetonius, the elder Pliny, and Appuleius, furnish all that is known of his personal history beyond what may be gathered from his own poems. His very name is uncertain; for, while the prenomens of Quintus is assigned to him by Pliny, he is spoken of as Caius by Appuleius.

Valerius Catullus was a native of Verona, or of some place in its neighbourhood. Of his parentage all that is known is, that his father was the friend, and frequently the host, of Julius Cæsar (Suet. *Jul. Cæsar*, 73); from which it has been

inferred that he was a man of some position and substance. The education and social position of his son point to the same conclusion.

According to the *Eusebian Chronicle*, the poet was born B.C. 87, and died in his thirtieth year, B.C. 57. The first of these dates may be correct, and in any case cannot be far wrong. The latter is unquestionably inaccurate, as there are direct references in some of the minor poems of Catullus to events of a more recent date. Thus there are passages in the poem to Furius and Aurelius (c. xi.), and to Cæsar (c. xxix.), which must have been written after Cæsar's invasion of Britain (B.C. 55). The reference to Pompey (c. lv., line 6) shows that it was written during or after his second Consulship; while c. liii. is founded on the speech of Licinius Calvus against Vatinius, when Cicero, at the instance of Cæsar, defended his old enemy. This was in B.C. 54, and it is the latest public event to which there is any reference by Catullus. The result of the most recent investigations on the subject seems to point to B.C. 53 as the year of the poet's death.—(See *Schwabe's Quæstiones Catullianæ*, pp. 33-48; and *Teuffel's History of Roman Literature*, translated by Wagner (London, 1873), vol. i. p.

374.) The 52d Poem (see p. 73, *infra*), which had been generally assumed to point to a later date—viz., the actual Consulship of Vatinius (B.C. 47)—has been satisfactorily shown to allude only to the habit Vatinius had of boasting that he was sure to be Consul, long before the actual event. The poet's invectives against Cæsar and Mamurra have been by many scholars assigned to a date several years subsequent to B.C. 57. But there is nothing in them to show that they were written after that year; and the presumptions are all the other way. After Cæsar became Dictator, not even the most reckless lampooner would have dared to publish such attacks; neither could Cæsar, however much he despised, have permitted them. Catullus, besides, had too much good sense not to see that to speak in such terms of a man so distinguished as Cæsar had by this time shown himself to be, was the merest folly. Suetonius, alluding either to the verses printed as Poem XXIX. of the ordinary editions, but which are too coarse for translation,* or

* Cicero writing to Athens (B.C. 45) refers to some attack on Cæsar as having just come out. *Post horam viii. in balneum; tunc audiuit de Mamurra; vultum non mutavit; unctus est; accubuit; ξεμετικὴν agebat.—Epist. ad Atticum*

to some of the other attacks by Catullus on Cæsar and his parasite, mentions that the poet, having apologised, was invited by Cæsar the same day to supper.* The story has an apocryphal character about it. Literary gossip in the time of Suetonius was in all likelihood not more accurate than it is in our own. It is quite true that in those days of strong speaking even such savage invectives as those of Catullus might be borne with; while Cæsar, one of the most good-natured of men, from policy and habit, might desire to cultivate amicable relations with a man whose words had such a power to sting. But had the poet apologised, the epigrams would no doubt have disappeared from his works.†

13, 52. Dr Middleton and others contend that this passage must be held as referring to the attack by Catullus on Mamurra. It is obvious, however, that this is mere conjecture. *Audivit de Mamurra* is a wide phrase. Such a man must have had many assailants, and must have caused many a scandal, which put his patron's self-control severely to the test.

* *Valerium Catullum, a quo sibi versiculis de Mamurra perpetua stigmata imposita non dissimulaverat, satisficientem eadem die adhibuit hospitioque patris ejus, uti consueverat, uti perseveravit.*—SÜETONIUS, *Jul. Cæsar*, 73.

† It is plain they had not done so in the time of Tacitus, who couples the name of Catullus with that of Bibaculus as

Poor stuff at the best, without the saving grace of honest conviction, they would have been intolerable even to their author.

Catullus appears to have been sent early to Rome, probably for his education; and although he moved about a good deal, Rome was always his favourite residence and headquarters.

*Romæ vivimus; illa domus,
Illa mihi sedes, illic mea carpitur ætas.*

AD MANLIUM, lxxviii. 34.

At Rome

Alone I live, alone my studies ply,
And there my treasures are, my haunts, my home.

The poet had all the educated Roman's delight in the country; but his tastes and habits, as indicated in his poems, were such that the pleasures and social excitement of the capital must always have had special attractions for him. In

the author of numerous lampoons upon the Cæsars (*Ann.* 4. 34). His words are, "*Carmina Bibaculi ac Catulli referta contumeliis Cæsarum leguntur;*" and he follows up his statement with one of those pregnant pieces of practical wisdom, which are never stale or out of place—" *Sed ipse divus Julius, ipse divus Augustus, et tulere ista, et reliquere; haud facile dixerim, moderatione magis, an sapientia; namque spreta exolescunt; si irascere adgnita videntur.*"

his youth, more particularly, when first launched upon society, with his brilliant talents and engaging disposition, fine spirits, and probably handsome person, he was sure to be a favourite in the best circles, and to be surrounded by all the fascinations with which beauty, fashion, and intellect could tempt the young Roman of that excitable and dissolute age.

It was during this period most probably that such of his poems were written as are most deeply stamped with licentiousness. They have all the marks of youth upon them, and in forming an estimate of his personal character this should always be remembered. Even those who are familiar with the literature and social history of his time are apt to apply to his writings the standard of our own age, to which many of the subjects and expressions in which he deals are altogether abhorrent, forgetting that much which to us appears gross and indelicate not only excited no such feeling among his contemporaries, but was matter of familiar speech among the most cultivated men. Thus it is, that the charge has been repeatedly brought against Catullus, although unsupported by any direct testimony, of having injured his fortune and his health by the licentiousness of his life.

→ negative capability ✓

This is a charge easy to make, and not difficult to support by a colourable show of proof, with those who judge from the language of a few of his poems, and think that a man who has written so coarsely must necessarily have been a debauchee and a spendthrift; but it disappears the moment the grounds are investigated upon which it has been based.

These are taken exclusively from his poems. That he was improvident and embarrassed is argued from some expressions in the *Invitation to Fabullus* (p. 34, *infra*), the *Visit to Varus' Mistress* (p. 30, *infra*), and the *Mortgage* (p. 49, *infra*). In the first of these poems Catullus simply says, that "*his purse is full of cobwebs,*" or, in modern phrase, that the devil is dancing in it. In the second he alludes, in a strain of humorous exaggeration, to his crazy truckle-bed—*veteris pedem grabati*—and the general leanness of his resources. On the third of the poems in question no conclusion whatever can be founded, for the most probable reading—*villula vostra* and not *nostra*—directs the point of this punning epigram not against himself, but against his friend Furius, who, from the indications given of his character in other poems, seems to

have been precisely the sort of man to fall into the hands of the Jews. But every word that Catullus says in these poems may be taken literally without proving more than this—that while a young man, and before he had either made an income for himself or inherited his patrimony, he was a little out at elbows, as young lively fellows of warm passions and costly tastes, even though possessed of fair fortunes, will be upon occasion.

So far from his having run himself into pecuniary difficulties, the impression which we gather from the prevailing tone of his poems is, that they are written by a man in easy, if not affluent, circumstances, and moving in the best society. He is proprietor of the peninsula of Sirmio (p. 54, *infra*), he has a villa and farm in the fashionable suburb of Tibur (p. 64, *infra*), he has a house and choice library at Rome (see the poem to Manlius, p. 133, *infra*), and a good estate besides, thanks to the friend, whoever he might be, to whom the immediately succeeding poem is addressed, and whose bounty was of the most comprehensive kind.

*Is clausum lato patefecit limine campum,
Isque domum nobis, isque dedit dominam.*

To my domains he set an ampler bound,
And unto me a home and mistress gave.—p. 135, *infra*.

The man who could boast of these possessions—and of some of them at least he writes at a more advanced period of his life—could not have been badly off. Whether it was by inheritance or by purchase that he came to be possessed of such of them as he did not owe to his friend's bounty, is unknown. If we are to trust the statement of Suetonius in the passage above cited, that the poet's father was alive when he wrote his diatribes against Cæsar and Mamurra, it can scarcely have been by inheritance. If by any other means, then the conjecture as to his having ruined his fortunes by extravagance falls to the ground.

That he at one time wanted money is certain, for, in the hope of making a purse out of the plunder of the provincials, he accompanied Caius Memmius, the friend and patron of Lucretius, to his prætorian province of Bithynia. His hopes were disappointed, for, in place of making money, he tells us himself (p. 51, *infra*) that he did not even clear his expenses. Previous prætors had probably swept the province bare; for Catullus, although he bore Memmius no slight grudge for

the bad treatment which he had received, admits (p. 31, *infra*) that the prætor had not even been able to enrich his own coffers in Bithynia.

*Nihil neque ipsis,
Nec prætoribus esse, nec cohorti,
Cur quisquam caput unctius referret.*

Neither I,
Nor yet the prætor, nor his suite,
Had in that province luck to meet
With anything that, do our best,
Could add one feather to our nest.

The poet's visit to Bithynia was not, however, all vanity and vexation. A pleasant circle of friends—*dulces comitum cætus*—accompanied him and enlivened the dreariness of the winter. Caius Cinna, the poet, was one of them (p. 32, *infra*), the same unlucky bard whom Antony's mob wished to tear to pieces "for his bad verses" (Shakespeare's "*Julius Cæsar*," act iii. sc. 3).

To what the poet saw and felt during this expedition we probably owe many of the finest passages in his poems. It gave rise directly to his beautiful "*Farewell to Bithynia*" (p. 68, *infra*), the spirited "*Dedication of his Pinnace*" (p. 24, *infra*), and the exquisite lines to "*Sirmio*" (p. 54, *infra*).

Wearied with the monotony of a severe winter—*cæli furor æquinotialis*—the first of these poems shows us the poet kindling at the first breath of spring, and starting off upon a tour among the famous cities of Asia, where we may be sure that whatever money he had to spare went in the purchase of works of art and choice copies of his favourite Greek authors. Meanwhile his pinnacle is being built for him at Amastris; and the poet's lines enable us to trace him in his yachting voyage from the stormy Euxine till he brings up under the shadows of his beloved Sirmio. We picture him cruising pleasantly along among the islands of the Archipelago, anchoring off Naxos, it may be, and there meditating the outline of his noble poem of Ariadne; thence skirting by coast and promontory, up the Ionian and Adriatic seas, until he made one of the numerous mouths of the Po, and so gained the smiling waters of the Lago di Garda.

Such a voyage as this must have furnished many suggestions for future use, and to it we probably owe the almost Homeric freshness and truth of his sea and land painting. Catullus appears to have made it alone. His comrades, much as they liked his society, had probably some of Horace's dis-

relish for the sea, and might not have cared to risk so perilous a voyage in a bark so frail. At all events, in his "Farewell to Bithynia," Catullus bids them adieu, like a man who expected that when, if ever, they met again, it would be when they had found their way back to Rome by different routes. He appears to have been fortunate in weather, for his bark, he tells us, was never in danger.

*Neque ulla vota litoralibus diis
Sibi esse facta, cum veniret a mare
Novissimo hunc ad usque limpidum lacum.*

Nor to the gods of ocean e'er
For her was offer'd vow or pray'r,
Though from yon farthest ocean drear
She came to this calm crystal mere.—p. 25, *infra*.

But to have ventured on such a voyage in so slight a vessel is conclusive evidence of his bold and self-dependent spirit. It was soon after his return that the visit to Varus's mistress took place (see p. 30, *infra*), in describing which he speaks of his finances being at rather a low ebb. Still, however low they may just then have been, a man who could make a tour through the *Magnificas Asiæ urbes*, and pay the charges of a yachting excursion

of such length, could not, as a rule, have been badly off.

It has been generally supposed that it was during this expedition to Bithynia that Catullus lost his brother, who died in the Troad, and was buried at Cape Rhæteum; but this is manifestly a mistake. In the poems written immediately after his return, Catullus makes no mention of this loss—a circumstance in itself conclusive. For when this bereavement occurred, Catullus was struck to the heart. Again and again he recurs to it, and always with the deepest emotion. Could he, then, have failed to refer to it when, coming home to Sirmio, he stretches his travel-wearied limbs on the *desiderato lecto*—the familiar couch for which, in his wanderings, he had so often yearned—and looks upon the scenes which his brother and himself had no doubt explored together in their boyhood? The thought of such a loss would have altered the whole feeling of his beautiful address to Sirmio. In such a place, and at such a time, the void would have been most poignantly present, and his eyes could not have seen for tears the brightest smile of his beloved and beautiful lake! But we are not left to mere inference on the subject, for

the language of his deeply pathetic lines at his brother's tomb (p. 151, *infra*) proves, that he made a special voyage from Rome to the Troad to pay the last tribute of affection to that brother's ashes.

*Multas per gentes, et multa per æquora vectus,
Advenio has miseræ, frater, ad inferias.*

Over many a land and over many an ocean,
Here to thy desolate grave, brother, oh brother, I come.

Let those who might be disposed to think of Catullus as a mere voluptuary realise to themselves the deep devotion which carried him from Rome to the bleak shores of the Troad for such a purpose. This bereavement, mourned over through many a dreary month of solitude and travel, appears to have all but broken his spirits. In his lines to Hortalus (p. 123, *infra*); in the letter to Manlius (p. 131, *infra*); and again in the poem which follows it (p. 137, *infra*), he speaks of his brother's death as of something which has made the paternal hearth desolate, and stripped life for himself of all its charm. The exquisite lines to Cornificius (p. 61, *infra*), in which we seem to hear a voice broken by sobs, were probably written during the same period of dejection.

That Catullus should have written to his friends upon this theme as he has done, speaks volumes as to the sincerity and depth of their friendship. Men are bound by no common ties when heart speaks to heart the secrets of a sorrow so sacred. Such grief as Catullus expresses would have been unwelcome from the lips of one whom the friends he addressed did not respect as well as love. Across nineteen centuries it moves us, as if it were the grief of a friend of our own. What more probable than that so great a sorrow, working on the poet's highly sensitive nature, may have tended to shorten his life? To a man of such warm affections there could have been little left to live for. The only woman whom he ever truly loved was, as will presently be seen, already lost to him; lost to him, too, in the worst way, by her own inconstancy and vice; and now the other dearest tie to life was severed by his brother's death. These are the miseries that have at all times killed,—slowly, it may be, but surely. Why at least should not this solution of the fact that he died young be as readily admitted as the supposition that he abridged his career by sensual indulgence?

The accusation of habitual profligacy, it should

not be forgotten, was brought against Catullus in his own lifetime (p. 37, *infra*); and it is significant that his accusers were themselves steeped in the mire of debauchery. How indignantly he resented the charge, his verses sufficiently tell. His poems, he admits, are rather free, but his life is pure. Judged by our modern and juster standard, the verdict must be against him on both counts. But that he was especially impure in his private life, when judged by comparison with his compeers, can hardly be maintained. Setting aside what we know of the lives of Clodius, Cæsar, Antony, and other leading men of action of that era, and looking only to the poets of the next generation whose works have come down to us, (in the absence of the poems of Calvus and other contemporaries of Catullus, of which we only know that they were equally open to the charge of licentiousness), we may out of their own mouths convict Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius of conduct equally exceptionable. Indeed, against some of them even greater looseness of morals might be established, if we are to judge by the number of mistresses to whose charms they admit themselves to have succumbed. Catullus

was apparently no worse than other young men of fashion of his day who had good health, plenty of money, and no particular scruples on the score of morality. Their vices have left no record; his survive in his poems.

But surely we have no right to conclude from anything he has written, that he carried the follies of his youth into his riper age, or indulged his passions so far as to cut short his career. Few writers have denounced profligates and spendthrifts more vehemently than he has done. This is certainly in itself no proof of virtue. It is so easy to be good and virtuous on paper. Still, living as he did, in the full current of society in Rome, he would scarcely have exposed himself gratuitously to the risk of having his own judgments quoted against himself. We must remember, too, that if such reprobates as Furius and Aurelius were at one time among the number of his friends, in his middle age he was on terms of familiar intimacy with such men as Asinius Pollio, Calvus, Cicero, and Cornelius Nepos. What is, however, of more weight in such a question, is the fact that Catullus was manifestly no idler, with the intuitive command of a rich and sonorous vocabulary, which enabled him

to throw off his poems at a heat. On the contrary, they contain many allusions to the care and study with which they were elaborated. He was a fine scholar, and could not have achieved the eminence he did except at the usual cost of "scorning delights and living laborious days." He prized intelligence and culture too highly to have been a mere sensualist. Literary tastes, and even literary powers, it is true, are quite compatible with a life of vice. But when no positive evidence of this exists, the presumption may reasonably be admitted that a writer, full of generous impulses, and not insensible to noble thinking, kept in his maturer years the baser elements of his nature well under control.

On such a question, too, his own statement is entitled to some weight. He was obviously much annoyed at the conclusion being drawn from his poems that his life was unchaste, and protests that he spiced his lines with licentiousness in order to hit the prevailing taste.

*Nam castum esse decet pium poetam
Ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est, &c.*

True poets should be chaste, I know,
But wherefore should their lines be so?
To these what gives their zest and charm,
But this, that they are free and warm,

And burn with passion, that can fire
 Not striplings merely with desire,
 But thaw the sinews, thrill the sense
 Of cramp'd and hoary impotence?

There was a period in our own literary history, in the days when "intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit," when such a plea might have been admitted. We should probably be doing our ancestors some injustice if we concluded, because they were more plain-spoken than ourselves, that our social virtues must therefore put theirs to shame. But, at all events, in Rome very good men were not thought the worse of for writing what would nowadays come under the ban of all decent society. Even the grave and sententious Pliny quoted these very lines of Catullus, as embodying a sound literary canon—*verissimam legem*—when sending to his friend Paternus some poems of his own which were somewhat too ardent in tone for so very "reverend a youth." Ovid had previously put forward a similar plea on his own behalf:—

*Crede mihi, distant morès a carmine nostri ;
 Vita verecunda est, musa jocosa, mihi.—Trist. 2.*

Trust me or not, but such the fact is,
 My poems differ from my practice ;

My muse is rollicking and free,
My life as chaste as chaste can be.

Rather a strong statement for the author of the *Ars Amatoria*, who is greatly belied if he did not practise what he preached. Our own Herrick, much of whose poetry might well raise grave suspicions as to his conduct, but who was only infected by the impurity which pervaded the literary atmosphere of his time, claims the benefit of the distinction put forward by his masters Catullus and Ovid:—

To his life's end this last line he'd have placed—
Jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste.

Martial puts forward the same excuse. '*Lasciva est nobis pagina,*' he says, '*vita proba est,*' thus translated by Maynard:—

Si ma plume est une putaine,
Ma vie est une sainte.

The distinction is somewhat too nice for ordinary apprehensions. A pure habit of life begets a pure habit of thought and of expression. Where these are not, we may fairly suspect some moral taint. Imagination always works upon a substratum of reality. *Abeunt studia in mores.* Bayle argues the

case thus :—“ Au pis aller on doit rendre à ces auteurs la justice qu'ils demandent, qu'on ne juge pas de leur vie par leurs écrits. Il n'y a nulle conséquence nécessaire de l'une de ces deux choses à l'autre. Il y a des poètes qui sont chastes et dans leurs vers et dans leurs mœurs ; il y en a qui ne le sont ni dans leurs mœurs ni dans leurs vers ; il y en a qui ne le sont pas dans leur vers, et qui le sont dans leurs mœurs et dont tout le feu est à la tête. Toutes les licences lascives de leurs epigrammes sont des jeux d'esprit ; leurs *Candides* et leurs *Lesbies* sont des maîtresses de fiction.”—*Discours sur les Obscenitez*. The elder D'Israeli has treated the subject at some length in his *Essay on the Literary Character*, and quotes La Motte, Le Vayer, Bayle, La Fontaine, Smollett, and Cowley, as instances of writers who wrote freely but lived purely. It would not, however, be difficult to produce a longer catalogue of brilliant writers, licentious both in their morals and their verses. Muretus was probably near the truth when he wrote

*Quisquis versibus exprimit Catullum,
Raro moribus exprimit Catonem.*

A Catullus in verse is scarce in the way to
Display in his morals the virtues of Cato.

Catullus had one great preservative against vulgar debauchery. He was capable of loving, and he had loved, deeply. There is no more vivid record in literature of an over-mastering passion than the series of his poems of which Lesbia is the theme. These are scattered at random through the rest of his verses. But, when viewed as a whole, they present so striking a picture of the fluctuations of feeling, which must always arise where a generous and ardent nature devotes itself to one that is inherently profligate and inconstant, that it has been thought desirable to bring them together in the following translation, in what may be surmised to have been the order in which they were written.

The conflict of the poet's emotions is depicted in these poems with all the truth and beauty of genius inspired by passion. At first all is admiration and rapture. Mind and sense are both completely under the spell of Lesbia's "strong toil of grace." She is indeed perfection; and the poet's rapture finds expression in a splendid paraphrase of Sappho's verses, which are fused in the white heat of his own passion into "one entire and perfect chrysolite" of verse. (See p. 3, *infra*). Pos-

session only heightens the poet's devotion. But soon the lady's affections begin to wander. Catullus is uneasy—hurt. Lesbia is not yet, however, prepared to let her idolater go. With all the wiles of a haughty, heartless coquette, irresistibly fascinating and utterly wicked, she again lures him within her toils. He blinds himself to the past, and dreams that he will be happy in this self-imposed oblivion. But his heart is too seriously engaged for him long to endure this hollow truce. By little and little his eyes are unsealed. The charms that had riveted his soul melt away one by one. He would fain tear himself away, but his senses are still held in thralldom by the lady's fatal beauty. He hates her for her heartless wantonness, yet the fascinations of her person hold him under a Circean spell. His reason, his self-respect urge him to abjure her, but there is a devilish witchery in her smile from which he cannot break away. Not till she has exhausted even his forbearance, and forfeited every claim to his regard, is he able to emancipate himself from her thralldom. And when he does escape, it is with a wound in his heart, which may be hidden but cannot be forgot.

Who Lesbia was has been a matter of controversy

among scholars. All that is known of her is, that she was a Clodia of the great Claudian house ; but even this rests upon a passing notice by Appuleius in his *Apologia*. It has generally been assumed that she was the sister of the infamous Clodius slain by Milo in B.C. 58. This, however, has been questioned by recent writers, and among others by Professor Ramsay, who contends "that the presumption is strong against such an inference. The tribute of high-flown praise paid to Cicero (p. 70, *infra*)," he adds, "would have been a bad recommendation to the favour of one whom the orator makes the object of scurrilous jests, and who is said to have cherished against him all the vindictive animosity of a woman first slighted and then openly insulted." Certainly Clodia was not likely to forgive a man who had spoken of her as Cicero had spoken in the brilliant speech in defence of Cælius, to which Professor Ramsay here alludes ; nor was she more likely to have been tolerant of any of his friends. But then it is very clear, that the eulogy of Cicero was penned by Catullus long after his *liaison* with Clodia, if Clodia was his Lesbia, had been broken off, and even after Cicero's merciless invective against her had been

spoken. The speech in defence of Cælius was delivered in B.C. 58, the year after the death of Clodia's husband, Metellus Celer. At this time Catullus, assuming him to have been born in B.C. 87, would have been twenty-nine years old. His amour with Clodia had by that time become a thing of the past. This very Cælius, and many others, had successively taken his place in her regards. The frenzy of passion, of rapture, jealousy, and despair, which had been concentrated into the time, however brief, when she was his all-in-all, was pretty sure to have burnt itself out in the intervening years. Such "violent delights" have ever "violent ends."

Again, whoever Lesbia was, her husband was alive during her intimacy with Catullus (p. 145, *infra*), and the poet speaks in no very flattering terms of his discernment. Metellus Celer was certainly no fool; on the contrary, if we are to trust Cicero's report of him, he was a man of high ability and noble principles. This, however, need not shake the theory that he was the husband of Lesbia; for gentlemen of the Charles Surface school, who give such "worthy men great cause for uneasiness," are not in the habit of speaking of their

victims with peculiar veneration. When, besides, Metellus Celer committed the mistake of marrying a woman considerably younger than himself, bred in such a family as Clodia had been, and with a reputation already tainted, Catullus was probably not the only man in Rome who thought he deserved to be called "fatuus," and "mulus." If we accept the statement of Appuleius that Lesbia's real name was Clodia, there is then every probability that she was the wife of Metellus Celer, who died poisoned, as Cicero broadly insinuates, by her hand; and that for some time before that event Catullus had been supplanted, we shall not say in her affections, but in her desires, by other suitors. Unquestionably, all that Cicero states as to the shameless licentiousness to which this woman abandoned herself after her husband's death, her "*libidines, amores, adulteria, Baiis acta convivias, commessationes, cantus, convivias, symphonia, navigia,*" is in such strict accordance with what Catullus records of her degradation,* as greatly to strengthen the presumption that Lesbia was no other than the beautiful and too notorious Clodia.

* See the poem to Cælius (No. LVIII. of the ordinary editions) beginning—

It is by his poems on Lesbia that Catullus is best known. Indeed the terms in which he is frequently mentioned, even among scholars, might lead one to suppose that he had written nothing else of value. Thus La Harpe (*Cours de la Littérature*) writes of him: "Une douzaine de morceaux d'un goût exquis, pleins de grâce et de naturel, l'ont mis au rang des poètes les plus aimables." And even Pezay, one of his French translators, speaks of "des vers échappés au délire de l'orgie ou de l'amour," as his most important effusions. This style of commentary is most unjust. Besides his poems on Lesbia, Catullus wrote few verses that can be called erotic, and only one of his poems is in praise of wine,—a small proportion truly of the one hundred and sixteen pieces which have come down to us. These are of very various merit, and many of them have only a historical

*Cæli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes—*

lines trembling with tenderness through all the disgust with which her profligacy had inspired him. Cælius, too, had been for a time under her spell, and paid dearly for the distinction in the accusation that he had poisoned her husband, from which Cicero vindicated him successfully.

value for the light which they throw upon the men and manners of the time. Those who engage in that study must be prepared to wade through much that is revolting; and the grossness even of Catullus' grossest verses will scarcely shock their sensations. They are always forcible, and often happy in expression, but their coarseness and ribaldry unfit them for translation. At their worst, however, they are not of that pestilent order which influence the senses through the imagination; for it has been truly remarked "that the filth of Catullus seldom springs from a prurient imagination revelling in voluptuous images; it rather proceeds from habitual impurity of expression, and probably gives a fair representation of the manners and conversation of the gay society of Rome at that period."

"It is one of the strangest signs of the spirit of that age," writes Professor Sellar, in his delightful volume on *The Poets of the Roman Republic*, p. 357, "to find a poet with the clear eye and pure taste for beauty, and the fresh feeling of life and capacity for natural enjoyment, with which Catullus was endowed beyond most poets of ancient or modern times, turning all his vigorous force of

expression to the vilest uses. There can be little doubt that coarseness of speech pervaded the social intercourse of his age to a much greater extent than during the early period of Roman literature, and during the Augustan age. . . . The coarseness of Catullus is symptomatic rather of a more reckless licence in society than of greater or even of equal corruption. Impurity is less destructive to human nature when united with a rough masculine humour, and when it vents itself in bantering or virulent abuse, than when it clings to the imagination, unites itself with the sense of beauty, and expresses itself in the language of passion. Though the language of Catullus in his higher poems is often ardent, it is little if at all sullied with impurity. The errors of his life did not deaden his nature, nor harden his heart, nor corrupt his imagination. It is only in his careless moods, when he looked on life in the spirit of a humorist, or in moods of bitterness, when his personal antipathies were roused, or in his savage fits, when he witnessed some inhuman lust or prosperous villainy, that he casts aside those restraints which the better instincts of men in nearly every age have placed upon the use of language."

On this subject we are glad to call in aid what was eloquently said by a reviewer of the first edition of this translation in the *North British Review*.

“It is a little hard that, because he has delighted us so greatly, the faults and frailties of Catullus may not be permitted to die. But he is not in the position of the poet for whom Mr Tennyson claims immunity from the impertinent curiosity of biographers.

‘He gave the people of his best,
His worst he kept, his best he gave,’

says Mr Tennyson. But Catullus, unhappily, has given us a great deal too much of his worst; and things that are unutterably hateful have been preserved by the beauty and perfection of their companions. This is a subject on which we have difficulty in speaking, but no one is entitled to say anything of Catullus and to pass it by. That licentiousness was the prevailing sin of the Roman world; that it mingled with their religion, and ministered to the service of their gods; that it contaminated in a later generation even the holy doctrines and the pure morality of the early Church,

—all this is known to those who never glanced at the pages of a heathen poet. But what is startling in Catullus is the shameless indecency and grossness with which such things are paraded. You turn over page after page, and ask yourself with amazement, Is this the language of a man of the finest sensibilities, of the tenderest affections, of the noblest intellect? And how is it possible to believe that intellect, affection, or sensibility could survive such corruption as this? It has always seemed to us, that the story told of Cæsar's good-natured forgiveness of the rabid invectives of our poet furnishes the most frightful of all indications of an utterly degraded society. For the kind of satire which Catullus is pleased to adopt, is not that which a high-minded man will pardon. To disregard personal abuse became the greatness of Cæsar: but to laugh at such charges as those of Catullus, to ask the genial satirist to dinner, was inconsistent with dignity of character and self-respect. And yet those are the virtues which, in the best days of Rome, the traditions and history of the people had fixed most thoroughly in the Roman character."

Within the compass of a small volume Catullus

has touched a great variety of themes, and always with wonderful freshness and grace. "He is one of the very few writers in the world," it has been well said by the same writer, "who, on one or two occasions, speaks directly from the heart." The greater number, even of great poets, speak only from the imagination. Sometimes, like Lord Byron, they speak from the temper; but this one speaks, as nature bids him, the joys and sorrows of his own life." Herein especially lies the charm of his lighter pieces, which are distinguished by genuine feeling, a clear and pointed style, and peculiar elegance of expression. They have the freshness of Chaucer, the fire of Burns. Catullus is full of vivacity and sparkle, never tedious, and always suggestive. He draws with a firm hand, and colours to the life. We see what he describes. His friends live for us. We feel as he feels. We share his likes and dislikes. Impulsive, irascible, intense, wayward, and hasty, but at all times hearty, frankly spoken, generous, and manly, it is impossible not to be drawn towards him, and to forget his faults in our sympathy with his warm heart and thoroughly genial temperament. It is easy to see that he was just the man to attach

friends warmly to him, and to be thoroughly detested and feared by all the pretentious charlatans and scoundrels of Rome, who had either felt or dreaded that they might one day feel the lash of his satire.

But it is not merely as the fervent amonist and brilliant writer of *vers de société*, the Moore or Præd of the latter days of the Republic, that Catullus claims our admiration. In his longer and weightier poems he stands alone and unsurpassed. The "Atys" is by all but universal consent admitted to be the finest poem in Roman literature, as unquestionably it is unique in subject and treatment. Whether copied from the Greek or not, Catullus has impressed upon it the stamp of his own genius. In passion and pathos and picturesque vigour, as well as in marvellous power and variety of diction and rhythmical cadence, it must always rank among the few unapproachable masterworks of genius.

His poem on the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, again, is scarcely less admirable. From first to last it maintains a high level of imaginative power. The opening picture of the Nereids peering up in wonder at the adventurous Argonauts, who were the first to break the solitude of their ocean haunts,

takes us at once into the clearest and brightest region of poetical romance, and there the poet keeps us to the close, passing before us picture after picture wrought with a master's hand, and swaying us at his will upon the waves of passion or of pathos. In this poem Catullus shows himself as great a master of the full-toned and stately hexameter, as in his smaller poems he had proved his command of the lighter forms of verse. He paved the way for the more smooth and stately measures of Virgil,* whose admiration for his powers is shown in the fact that he did not disdain to borrow from him both in idea and in expression.

In quite another strain, but of equal excellence, is the poem on the marriage of Julia and Manlius, which paints a larger and more vivid series of pictures than were ever presented within the same space in any language. And in these pictures what life, what grouping, what variety, what atmosphere, what colour! As we read we seem to see the figures of a Flaxman pass before us, steeped in the

* "In relation to Virgil," says Landor (*Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, p. 280), "he stands as Correggio in relation to Raphael: a richer colourist, a less accurate draftsman; less capable of executing grand designs, more exquisite in the working out of smaller."

warm hues of a Titian or Paul Veronese. For exquisite beauty of expression, too, this poem cannot be surpassed. Of no Latin poem can it be said more truly than of this, that it has "lutes in the lines." Such excellence, at a time when the language with which he had to deal was comparatively crude and unrefined, could not have been attained without infinite pains and study. The music of the Greek tongue had sunk deeply into the soul of Catullus, but it met a kindred inspiration there. He is no servile copyist. The rhythm of the verse, the turns of phrase, the choice of language, savour of the Greek ; but the character of his thought, every feature in his descriptions—the local colouring, as it were, of all—are essentially Roman.

It has been supposed that many of the poems of Catullus have been lost. But if this be so, is it really to be regretted? The fragments quoted by grammarians are so few, that we cannot have lost many poems ; and Time, the great winnower, has left us, in all probability, what alone was worth preserving. Indeed it has left not a few poems which the world might most willingly have let die. The book would have been all the better for their absence. There are some who will argue, that but

for these we should have known less of their author's character. But W. S. Landor's rejoinder on this head is to us conclusive. "So much the better. Unless, by knowing the evil that is in any one, we can benefit him, or ourselves, or society, it is desirable not to know it at all."

Our only wish is, that the text had come down to us in a purer state. The MSS., all derived from one parent codex, and that not earlier than the fourteenth century, are very corrupt. Neither has the ingenuity of scholars been often successful in eliciting by a self-evident emendation the autograph of the poet from the rubbish of the medieval scribe. The text, until the recent editions, has been printed with the elegant but unsupported conjectures of the early scholars, which had acquired a sort of prescription. The disappearance of these is disappointing to those who have been familiar with them ever since they learned to admire Catullus; and although we may acquiesce in the justice of their banishment, we cannot part with them without regret as old friends, who made a text intelligible which now appears in all its authentic dirt and raggedness. In making the following version the translator has availed himself of the editions of Heyse and Ross-

bach,* but he has for the most part followed the text of Doering.

Catullus has been several times translated in France. The versions by Pezay and Noel are best known. They are both in prose, and of little value as translations. Every passage of peculiar difficulty is either slurred over or disguised in meaningless periphrasis. But the notes to the work of Noel are valuable, and peculiarly interesting, from the great number of translations and imitations in verse in various languages which he has brought together. As might have been expected, the spirit of the lighter pieces is often admirably transfused into French verse; but in the more weighty poems its power of reproduction altogether fails.

Catullus has not been without influence on our English literature. His love-poems have been again and again copied and translated; and many instances of this from our old poets will be found in the Notes at the end of the present volume. In

* *Catull's Buch der Lieder*. Text und Uebersetzung von Theodor Heyse. Berlin, 1855. A masterly rendering of Catullus, in which the metres of the original are imitated with a felicity for which the German language is peculiarly favourable. *Q. Valerii Catulli Veronensis Liber*. Recognovit Augustus Rossbach. Lipsiæ, 1860.

1707, translations by "eminent hands" of a large portion of his poems appeared in a volume, professedly taken from the French, called *The Adventures of Catullus and History of his Amours with Lesbia*, executed as vilely as translations by "eminent hands" always were executed. In 1795, a version of all the poems was published by Dr Nott, accompanied by excellent notes. The author started with the hopeless ambition of endeavouring "to convey our poet's meaning in its fullest extent without overstepping the modesty of language." This resulted, as it could scarcely fail to do, in his often catching the indelicacy while he missed the emphasis of Catullus in those poems which had much better have been left under the veil of a dead language. Dr Nott possessed neither the lightness of touch nor the metrical skill which are essential to the reproduction of his author. In 1821, a version of Catullus was published by the Hon. George Lamb, which, though it eclipsed Dr Nott's, is still far from what an English Catullus should be. It is always graceful, and sometimes even vigorous. But the influence of Pope upon Mr Lamb's style is too strongly apparent. The directness and simplicity of

Catullus are often sacrificed for an antithesis, or for those poetical commonplaces wholly foreign to the genius of antiquity, from which the public has long since been emancipated by the influence of a better school.

Mr Lamb attempted all the poems. But of course he could only do so by resorting in many cases to the mildest paraphrase. In these, therefore, it was not the fierce invective or plain-spoken grossness of Catullus which was presented, but the euphemistic sarcasms or airy innuendo of a well-bred gentleman of the days of the Regency. Nothing was or can be gained by such a mode of treatment; and yet, from the very nature of the case, this class of poems must be toned down, or the idea of a version of them wholly abandoned. The present translator, thinking the latter to be the preferable alternative, has omitted all poems from this volume but those which could be reproduced with only the slightest modifications.

The difficulties of translating Catullus can scarcely be too highly stated. In the case of his shorter poems, they are almost insuperable. "The great merit of his style in these," it has been well said by Professor Sellar, "is its simple, genuine

force. It has all the ease of refined vigorous conversation, combined with the grace of consummate art. His power over metre is perhaps as great as over language, and it has the same qualities of force, simplicity, and directness. The higher manifestations of this power are to be sought in his longer and more artistic pieces. His adaptation of the music of language to embody the feeling or passion by which he is possessed is most vividly felt in the sky-lark ring of his great nuptial ode, in the wild hurrying agitation of the 'Atys,' in the stately calm of the 'Epithalamium' of Peleus and Thetis. But the metrical effect of many of his smaller pieces also—as, for instance, the playfulness, the gaiety, and the tenderness of his hendecasyllabic verses, the lingering, long-drawn-out sweetness of the 'Sirmio,' or the calm, subdued sadness of the same metre in the poem '*Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire,*' clearly indicates that the feeling and the melody were born together in the poet's heart." Whoever can feel the force of this criticism will be prepared to admit that Pezay was not far from the truth when he said, "une traduction de Catulle et de Tibulle en vers, est l'ouvrage de la vie entière." But then the man with the requisite

amount of power and leisure should not, and probably never would, devote them to such a task. The present translator would have shrunk from the attempt to reproduce Catullus in English verse, but for his long and loving admiration of the poet, and the wish to make him better known among those who are shut out from familiarity with him, either through ignorance of Latin or the acknowledged difficulty of the originals.

As a contribution towards this end, the present volume is presented with all humility. The words of Denham in the preface to his translation of the second book of the *Æneid*, comprise all which the translator would wish to say as to the execution of his labour of love: "When my expressions are not so full as his, either our language or my art were defective (but I rather suspect myself); but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impressions which the often reading of him hath left upon my thoughts; so that if they are not his own conceptions, they are at least the results of them."

Since the first edition of this book appeared in 1861, two English translations of Catullus have

been published ; one in rhymed verse by Mr James Cranstoun in 1867, and the other "in the metres of the original" in 1871 by Mr Robinson Ellis, who has also earned the gratitude of scholars by an admirable edition of the original text. I had long been conscious of the many shortcomings of my own renderings, especially of the Lesbia series of poems ; and this feeling of dissatisfaction was deepened upon a fresh study of Catullus, into which I was led by the perusal of these translations. When, therefore, a new edition of my little book was called for, I could not send it forth without first subjecting it to a thorough revision, in the hope to bring my versions nearer to the spirit and manner of the originals. This has led to many alterations, and, let me hope, improvements, which will be found in the present volume.

Many of my critics, on the first appearance of my translations, insisted on the necessity of the very form of the smaller poems of Catullus being preserved by his translator. Nothing is more easy than to lay down a dogma of this kind. To illustrate it by successful example is a very different matter. It is hard enough, for even the most expert master of poetical expression, to transmute into simple

vernacular musical English the words in which the fervid passion or the heavy heartache of Catullus found a vent. But the translator, in my opinion, foredooms himself to failure who adds to the difficulty by a desperate resolve to reproduce the very music of the Catullian lyre. No one can value form more highly than myself; but form may be purchased too dearly, where it is not in accordance with the normal structure of our metrical language. If I believed, for example, that the Lesbia poems could be adequately rendered in English hendecasyllabics, I should have so given them. But I do not. What has the Laureate, our greatest living master of the art of versification, said of this metre, in his one published experiment upon it?

“Hard, hard, hard it is only not to tumble,
So fantastical is the dainty metre.”

And if a translator were lucky enough to get through one or two of the poems without a tumble, he would certainly accomplish many ignominious falls before he got through the series, and be reminded of his disaster by the “irresponsible indolent reviewers” in no very measured terms. It is idle to shut our eyes to the fact that our language does

(not supply the materials for building up this verse, in musical polysyllabic words and diminutives like those in which Catullus abounds.) Take, for instance, the "*Lament for Lesbia's Sparrow.*" Here is one of several experiments to give it in the original metre :—

Mourn, ye goddesses, and ye gods of love,—mourn,
 Young men all, who especially are comely.
 Dead, dead, dead is the sparrow of my darling !
 Sparrow, pet of my darling, pet and playmate,
 Who to her than her very eyes was dearer—
 For most pretty ways had he, and he knew her
 All as well as a maid her mother knows, and
 Wandered never away from her endearments,
 But around her, as to and fro he hopped, he
 To his mistress alone his little song piped.
 And now he is along the dark road going,
 Yonder, whence to return they suffer no one !
 Ill befall ye, oh ruthless shades of Orcus,
 Which all beautiful earthly things devour up !
 My so beautiful sparrow have ye swept hence !
 Oh ! foul shame it is ! Oh unhappy sparrow,
 Thine the blame that my lady's sweetest eyes are
 Swollen and red, oh the pity on't ! with weeping !

This version will not stand the test of rigid criticism, even as to scansion. But, all other considerations apart, where can a translator hope to find equivalents in form for such words

as ‘*Cupidinesque*,’ ‘*Venustiorum*,’ ‘*Circumsiliens*,’ ‘*pipilabat*,’ ‘*tenebricosum*,’ ‘*turgiduli*,’ ‘*ocelli*’? Any man who tries to do so will be pretty sure, when he looks at his work, to find that he has introduced a great deal which is alien to his original, if indeed the very soul of the poem have not evaporated under his hands.

Classical scholars, I venture to think, are prone to attach an undue value to classical metres in the work of translation. To them the mere echo of the rhythm with which they are familiar is so delightful, that they are often very lenient to its demerits in other respects. They are apt to forget that a translator has to deal with a language which does not admit of the same variety of inflexions as the languages of Greece or Rome, where, moreover, unlike the English, every syllable has its definite quantity, and the position of the words in a sentence may be infinitely varied. After all, it is not for them that translations are written; but for readers whose ears are not penetrated by the music of the original, and who will be satisfied with no translation to which they are not attracted as being in itself good English verse. That this can be written most musically without rhyme is, no doubt,

true. But it is more likely to be so written in the fervour of original composition, than where both the theme and the mode of treatment are already prescribed as they are to the translator.

If, then, we cannot reproduce the very cadences, the subtleties of emphasis, the exquisite significances of sound, which are to be found in all fine poems, let us aim at catching the feeling out of which each poem has grown, and at clothing it in language which shall be wholly true to that feeling, and at the same time welcome for its music to English ears. He who does this will, I believe, better justify his fitness for the task of translation, than the ablest manipulator of longs and shorts in measures foreign to the genius of our language.





POEMS OF CATULLUS.

I.

TO CORNELIUS NEPOS.

MY little volume is complete,
Fresh pumice-polished and as neat
As book need wish to be ;
And now, what patron shall I choose
For these gay sallies of my muse ?
Cornelius, whom but thee !

For though they are but trifles, thou
Some value didst to them allow,
And that from thee is fame,

Who dared in thy three volumes' space,
 Alone of all Italians, trace
 Our history and name.

Great Jove, what lore, what labour there !
 Then take this little book, whate'er
 Of good or bad it store ;
 And grant, oh guardian Muse, that it
 May keep the flavour of its wit
 A century or more !

THE SAME (RETRANSLATED).

WHOM shall I give this pretty little book to,
 New and fresh from the polish of the grit-
 stone ?

Thee, Cornelius ! For often thou hast said, these
 Trifles of mine were not without their merit—
 Thou, who hast dared, alone of all Italians,
 This world's tale in volumes three to trace out ;
 Jove ! What research, what marvels there of learning !
 Wherefore, such as it is, this little booklet,
 Take, friend ; and then, oh tutelary Virgin,
 Centuries to come may find it still surviving.

LI.

TO LESBIA.

PEEER for the gods he seems to me,
 And mightier, if that may be,
 Who sitting face to face with thee,
 Can there serenely gaze.
 Can hear thee sweetly speak the while,
 Can see thee, Lesbia, sweetly smile ;
 Joys that from me my senses wile
 And leave me in a maze.

For ever, when thy face I view,
 My voice is to its task untrue,
 My tongue is paralysed, and through
 Each limb a subtle flame
 Runs swiftly; murmurs dim arise
 Within my ears, across my eyes
 A sudden darkness spreads, and sighs
 And tremors shake my frame.

II.

LESBIA'S SPARROW.

SPARROW, that art my darling's pet—
 My darling's, who'll frolic with thee and let
 Thee nestle within her bosom, and when
 Thou peck'st her forefinger will give it again,
 And provoke thee to bite with a sharper smart,
 When that glorious creature who rules my heart
 Enchants it the more with her playful wiles,
 And her own heart, too, of its pain beguiles ;
 Allaying, I do believe, just so
 What else would burn with too fierce a glow.
 Ah, would, like her, I might toy with thee,
 And lighten the pangs that are rending me !
 Thee would I then with such welcome greet,
 As the fabled girl of the flying feet
 Did the apple of gold, which unloosed the zone,
 That long had engirdled a heart of stone.

THE SAME (RETRANSLATED).

S PARROW, pet of the lady of my love, who
Will with thee toy, will in her bosom nurse
thee,

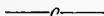
Her forefinger resign to thy caressings,
And provoke thee to peck at it with fury,
When she is minded, that lady whom I dote on,
Pretty tricks to play, all maddeningly charming,
Finding balm so in this for her emotion,
Else too tense, I believe, for her endurance.
Oh, like her, that I might with thee make pastime,
Ease the pangs so that agitate and rend me !
Dear then wert thou to me, as in the legend
Was to the swift-footed maid the golden apple,
Which ungirdled her zone so long unyielding.

III.

ELEGY ON LESBIA'S SPARROW.

L OVES and Graces mourn with me,
Mourn, fair youths, where'er ye be !
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,
Sparrow, that was all her bliss,
Than her very eyes more dear ;
For he made her dainty cheer,
Knew her well, as any maid
Knows her mother, never strayed
From her bosom, but would go
Hopping round her to and fro,
And to her, and her alone,
Chirrup'd with such pretty tone.
Now he treads that gloomy track,
Whence none ever may come back.

Out upon you, and your power,
Which all fairest things devour,
Orcus' gloomy shades, that e'er
Ye took my bird that was so fair!
Ah, the pity of it! Thou
Poor bird, thy doing 'tis, that now
My loved one's eyes are swoll'n and red,
With weeping for her darling dead.



v.

INVITATION TO LOVE.

LET us, Lesbia, darling, still
Live our life, and love our fill;
Heeding not a jot, howe'er
Churlish dotards chide or stare!
Suns go down, but 'tis to rise
Brighter in the morning skies;

Invitation to Love.

But, when sets our little light,
 We must sleep in endless night.*
 A thousand kisses grant me, sweet,
 With a hundred these complete,
 Lip me a thousand more, and then
 Another hundred give again.
 A thousand add to these, anon
 A hundred more, then hurry on
 Kiss after kiss without cessation,
 Until we lose all calculation ;
 So envy shall not mar our blisses
 By numbering up our tale of kisses.

* *Amiam ; che il sol si muore, e poi rinasca :*
A noi sua breve luce
S'asconde, e il sonno eterno notte adduce.

—TASSO'S *Aminta*.

Love ; for the sun goes down to rise as bright :
 To us his transient light
 Is veiled, and sleep comes on with everlasting night.

—PEACOCK.

LXXXVI.

ON QUINCTIA AND LESBIA.

MOST beautiful in many eyes
Is Quinctia, and in mine
Her shape is tall, and straight withal,
And her complexion fine.

These single charms of form and face
I grant that she can show,
But all the concentrated grace
Of "beautiful," oh no !

For nowhere in her can you find
That subtle voiceless art,
That something which delights the mind,
And satisfies the heart.

But Lesbia's beautiful, I swear,
And for herself she stole
The charms most rare of every fair,
To frame a perfect whole.

VII.

TO LESBIA KIND.

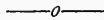
DOST thou, Lesbia, ask that I
 Say how many of thy kisses
 Would my craving satisfy,
 Yea, would surfeit me with blisses?

Count the grains of sand besprent
 O'er Cyrene's spicy plain,
 'Twixt old Battus' monument,
 And the sweltering Hammon's fane.

Count the silent stars of night,
 That be ever watching, when
 Lovers tasting stol'n delight
 Dream not of their silent ken.

When these numbers thou hast told,
 And hast kisses given as many,
 Then I may, perchance, cry Hold !
 And no longer wish for any.

But, my love, there's no amount
For a rage like mine too vast,
Which a curious fool may count,
Or with tongue malignant blast.



VIII.

TO LESBIA FALSE.

CATULLUS, let the wanton go !
No longer play the fool, but deem
For ever lost what thou must know
Is fled for ever like a dream !

Oh, life was once a heaven to thee !
To haunt her steps was rapture then—
That woman loved, as loved shall be
No woman e'er by thee again.

Then didst thou freely taste the bliss,
On which impassioned lovers feed ;
When she repaid thee kiss for kiss,
Oh, life was then a heaven indeed !

To Lesbia False.

'Tis past ! Forget as she forgets !
Lament no more—but let her go !
Tear from thy heart its mad regrets,
And into very marble grow !

Girl, fare thee well ! Catullus ne'er
Will sue, where love is met with scorn ;
But, false one, thou with none to care
For thee, shalt pine through days forlorn.

Think, think how drear thy life will be !
Who'll woo thee now ? who praise thy charms ?
Who now be all in all to thee,
And live but in thy loving arms ?

Ay, who will give thee kiss for kiss ?
Whose lip wilt thou in rapture bite ?
But thou, Catullus, think of this,
And spurn her in thine own despite.

LXX.

ON LESBIA'S INCONSTANCY.

MY mistress says, there's not a man
 Of all the many that she knows,
 She'd rather wed than me, not one,
 Though Jove himself were to propose.

She says so;—but what woman says
 To him who fancies he has caught her,
 'Tis only fit it should be writ
 In air or in the running water.

THE SAME (RETRANSLATED).

NEVER a soul but myself, though Jove himself
 were to woo her,
 Lesbia says she would choose, might she have me for
 her mate.
 Says—but what woman will say to a lover on fire to
 possess her,
 Write on the bodiless wind, write on the stream as it
 runs.

CIV.

ON LESBIA.

WHAT! Her revile, who is my life,
More precious than my eyes to me?
Howe'er the slander may be rife,
Such thing could never, never be.

Could I so madly love, and yet
Profane her name I hold so dear?
Pshaw! You with any libels let
Your pot-house gossips cram your ear!

LXXII.

THE IDOL SHATTERED.

YOU told me, Lesbia, once, that you
 For your Catullus only cared,
 That, though imperial Jove might sue,
 My empire should by none be shared.

I loved you then with love beyond
 The transient flush of passion wild ;
 Ay, with a tenderness as fond,
 As binds the parent to the child.

I know you now. Alas! and though
 Your fall, your fickleness I spurn,
 Yet, can I not forget you, no !
 But with a wilder passion burn.

How this can be so, you inquire.
 'Tis that thy very shamelessness
 But fans the fire of base desire,
 Although it makes me love the less.

LXXV.

LOVE THAT'S MERELY A MADNESS.

SO loved has woman never been
 As thou hast been by me,
 Nor lover yet was ever seen
 So true as I to thee.

But cruel, cruel Lesbia, thou
 Hast by thy falsehood wrought
 Such havoc in my soul, and now
 So madly 'tis distraught,

'Twould prize thee not, though thou shouldst grow
 All pure and chaste as ice ;
 Nor could it cease to love thee, though
 Besmirched with every vice.

XCII.

SIGNS OF LOVE.

LESBIA rails at me, they say,
 Talks against me all the day.
 May I die, but I can tell
 By this, that Lesbia loves me well!

Would you know my reason, Sir?
 Even so I rail at her.
 Yet may I die, but I can tell
 I love my Lesbia but too well!

THE SAME (RETRANSLATED).

LESBIA abuses me hourly, of me she will ever be
 talking ;
 Now may I die, if with me Lesbia be not in love !
 Where is the proof? In myself. At her I am ever-
 more railing ;
 But may I die, if I don't her and her only adore !

XII.

TO FURIUS AND AURELIUS.

DEAR Furius, and Aurelius, ye
 Who frankly would companion me,
 Whate'er my fortune or my fate,
 If I should seek to penetrate,
 Where breaks on Ind's remotest shore
 The sea with far-resounding roar ;
 Or to the Hyrcans, or the mild
 Arabians, or the Sacæ wild,
 And arrow-bearing Parthian horde,
 Or where, through sevenfold channels poured,
 Nile stains the ocean with his hue,
 Or cross the skyey Alps to view
 Great Cæsar's trophies, Gallic Rhine,
 And savage Britain's far confine ;
 Dear friends, prepared such toils to share,
 Or what more heavy tasks soe'er
 The gods in their high wills may send,
 Now do the office of a friend,

And to my too, too fickle fair
This brief, ungracious message bear :—
“ Enjoy thy paramours, false girl !
Sweep gaily on in passion's whirl,
By scores caressed, but loving none
Of all the fools by thee undone ;
Nor give that love a thought, which I
So nursed for thee in days gone by,
Now by thy guile slain in an hour,
Even as some little wilding flower,
That on the meadow's border blushed,
Is by the passing ploughshare crushed.”

CVII.

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

THERE'S not a joy we have so strong,
 As when some wish by chance is granted,
 For which, though hugged and cherished long,
 Without a hope we long had panted.*

Such was my joy, my glad surprise,
 When gloom around my head was closing,
 To find thee, with thy ardent eyes,
 Once more within my arms reposing.

You came to me—unbidden came—
 And brought with you delight the rarest,
 When Hope had left Love's drooping flame ;
 Oh day of days the brightest, fairest !

What living man more blest can be,
 Or blest in more abundant measure !
 Or who is to compare with me,
 Possessed of such a priceless treasure !

* Good things that come of course far less do please,
 Than those which come by sweet contingencies.

CIX.

TRANSPORT.

O H, my soul's joy, and dost thou wish, as now,
 That evermore our love burn strong and clear ?
 Ye gods, grant she be faithful to her vow,
 Grant it be uttered from a heart sincere !

So may each year that hurries o'er us find,
 While others change with life's still changing hue,
 The ties that bind us now more firmly twined,
 Our hearts as fond, our love as warm and true.*

* *Dum nos fata sinunt, oculos satiemus amore,
 Nox tibi longa venit, nec reditura dies :
 Atque utinam hærentes sic nos vincire catena
 Velles, ut nunquam solveret ulla dies.*

—PROPERTIUS, iii. 7, 23.

Let's sate our eyes with love, while yet we may,
 For night will come with no returning day ;
 Oh then our hearts with clasping fetters bind,
 Which time nor chance shall evermore unwind !

LXXXV.

LOVE'S UNREASON.

I HATE and love—the why I cannot tell,
 But by my tortures know the fact too well.

—o—

LXXXVI.

REMORSE.

I F there be joy for him who can retrace
 His life, and see some good deeds shining there,
 Who never plighted vows, in the dread face
 Of heaven, to lure another to his snare ;

Then many a joy through many a smiling year
 For thee, Catullus, is there yet in store,
 Requit of thy truth to one so dear,
 So cruel-false as she thou dost adore.

For kind and fond as man can be, in mood,
In word and act, so fond, so kind wert thou ;
Yet what of that? By her ingratitude
All is unprized, all unremembered now !

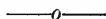
Why keep thy heart, then, longer on the rack?
Give to thy thoughts a higher, nobler aim !
Then,—for has heaven not willed it?—look not back
On what must be thy torture and thy shame.

'Tis hard at once to fling a love away,
That long has held us its delighted thrall ;
'Tis hard—but done it must be,—come what may !
No safety else ! It must be done—it shall !

Oh ye great gods! if you can pity feel,
If e'er to dying wretch your aid was given,
See me in agony before you kneel,
To beg this plague may from me far be driven,

Which torpor-like creeps through my every vein—
Nor leaves one thought from bitter anguish free.
I do not ask, she may be kind again,
No, nor be chaste, for that may never be!

I ask for body's health—a spirit clear
From the dark taint that now upon it rests.
Give then, O give, ye gods, this boon so dear,
To one who ever hath revered your hests !



IV.

DEDICATION OF HIS PINNACE.

THIS pinnacle, friends, which here you see
Avers, erewhile she used to be
Unmatched for speed, and could outstrip
Triumphantly the fastest ship,
That ever swam, or breasted gale,
Alike with either oar or sail.
And this, she says, her haughty boast,
The stormy Adriatic coast,
The Cyclad islands, Rhodes the grand,
Rude Thrace, the wild Propontic strand,
Will never venture to gainsay ;
Nor yet the Euxine's cruel bay,

Where in her early days she stood,
This bark to be, a shaggy wood ;
For from her vocal locks full oft,
Where o'er Cytorus far aloft
The fitful mountain-breezes blow,
She piped and whistled loud or low.

To thee, Amastris, on thy rocks,
To thee, Cytorus, clad with box,
Has long been known, my bark avers,
This little history of hers.
In her first youth, she doth protest,
She stood upon your topmost crest,
First in your waters dipped her oars,
First bore her master from your shores
Anon unscathed o'er many a deep,
In sunshine and in storm to sweep,
Whether the breezes, as she flew,
From larboard or from starboard blew
Or with a wake of foam behind
She scudded full before the wind.
Nor to the gods of ocean e'er
For her was offered vow or prayer,
Though from yon farthest ocean drear
She came to this calm crystal mere.

But these are things of days gone past.
Now, anchored here in peace at last,
To grow to hoary age, lies she,
And dedicates herself to thee,
Who hast alway her guardian been,
Twin Castor, and thy brother twin ! *

* Some critics have taken exception to the rhyme of "been" and "twin." But the authority of our best literature, and the rules of correct speaking, are both against them. Our forefathers pronounced "been," as in good society it is still pronounced. Take, as one of a hundred illustrations that might be readily given, the lines in Sir John Suckling's well-known "Ballad upon a Wedding"—

“ If wishing should be any sin,
The parson himself had guilty been.”

VI.

TO FLAVIUS.

I F, Flavius, you felt sure the girl
You spend the hours with was a pearl
Of beauty, elegance, and wit,
We certainly had heard of it;
Nor would you let Catullus doubt
The kind of sport you are about.
If she were only handsome! But
I fear me she's a sorry slut—
A common thing: and this is why
You keep your secret all so sly.
Nay, never look so modest! Own
Your evenings are not spent alone.
You chaste as Dian! Oh, no, no!
How keep you, then, your chamber so?
And whence this rich distilled perfume
Of roses, filling all the room?
And, as I live, a tiny pair
Of slippers underneath the chair!

All these too plainly tell the tale,
E'en though your cheeks were not so pale.
And so you'd best confess outright ;
Be she a beauty or a fright,
I care not ! Only let me know it ;
I'm ready to become her poet,
And canonise with verses rare
You and your little love affair !

IX.

TO VERANNIUS.

DEAREST of all, Verannius! Oh my friend!
Hast thou come back from thy long pilgrimage,
With brothers twin in soul thy days to spend,
And by thy hearth-fire cheer thy mother's age?

And art thou truly come? Oh welcome news!
And I shall see thee safe, and hear once more
Thy tales of Spain, its tribes, its feats, its views,
Flow as of old from thy exhaustless store.

And I shall gaze into thine eyes again!
And I again shall fold thee to my breast!
Oh you, who deem yourselves most blest of men,
Which of you all like unto me is blest?

XI.

CONCERNING VARUS' MISTRESS.

STROLLING of late the Forum through,
 With nothing in the world to do,
 Friend Varus picks me up, and sweeps
 Me off to see the girl he keeps,—
 A little showy thing ; when first
 Her airs and graces on me burst.
 I was disposed to think her witty,
 Perhaps, too, tolerably pretty.

She rattled on, from grave to gay,
 O'er all the topics of the day.
 Bithynia 'mongst the rest was named.
 "Come, now, do tell me," she exclaimed,
 "What sort of country is it? How
 Are matters moving there just now?
 Is gold so rife there as they say ;
 And how much did you pocket, eh?"

I to her questions made reply,
What was the fact—that neither I,
Nor yet the prætor, nor his suite,
Had in that province luck to meet
With anything, that, do our best,
Could add one feather to our nest.
Our chances, too, were much decreased,
The prætor being such a beast,
And caring not one doit, not he,
For any of his company.

“But surely you, at least,” she cried,
“Secured sufficient to provide
A gang of bearers for your litter;
For they,” she added, with a titter,
“Grow there, as everybody knows.”

Unwilling that she should suppose
I was not rather well to do,
“Why, yes,” said I, “that’s very true.
Bad as things were, it did not fare
With me so execrably there,
But I contrived to purchase eight
Tall fellows for that precious freight.”
The fact is, neither here nor there
Had I a single knave, to bear

My truckle-bed, that ancient wreck,
Suspended on his brawny neck.

On this the minx—you know their way—
Cried, "Oh, you love Catullus, pray,
Do lend me them! I'm longing so
To the Serapian shrine to go!"
"Stay, stay!" said I. "How could I make,
God bless me, such a strange mistake?
They're not exactly mine to lend.
I did not buy them; but a friend,
Young Cinna, my especial chum,
Young Caius Cinna purchased some.
But whether they be mine or his,
Of not the least importance is.
The difference is but in the name;
I use the fellows all the same.
But, madam, suffer me to state,
You're plaguily importunate,
To press one so extremely hard,
He cannot speak but by the card."

XII.

TO MARRUCINUS ASINIUS.

MARRUCINUS ASINIUS, you ply your left
hand

In a fashion that gentlemen don't understand ;
Their napkins you steal, when the rest of the guests
Are intent on the flow of the wine and the jests.
You fancy this fun? Why, you goose, don't you know
That this sort of thing is unseemly and low?
You think, I'm no judge? But that you'll scarce say
Of Pollio, your brother, a talent who'd pay,
Yourself of these pilfering habits to free,—
For who knows so well, what is true fun, as he?

So I give you your choice. Send my napkin, and soon,
Or expect to be lashed by whole yards of lampoon.
'Tis not for its value I prize it—don't sneer!
But as a memento of friends who are dear.
'Tis one of a set that Fabullus from Spain
And Verannius sent me—a gift from the twain ;
So the napkins, of course, are as dear to Catullus
As the givers, Verannius himself and Fabullus.

XIII.

INVITATION TO DINNER.

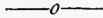
YOU dine with me, Fabullus mine,
 On Friday next, at half-past two ;
 And I can promise that you'll dine
 As well as man need wish to do ;

If you bring with you, when you come,
 A dinner of the very best,
 And lots of wine and mirth, and some
 Fair girl to give the whole a zest.

But bring all these you must, I vow,
 If you're to find yourself in clover,
 For your Catullus' purse just now
 With spiders' webs is running over.

But anyhow, a welcome warm
 And loving shall be yours, I ween ;
 And, for a rarer, daintier charm,
 A perfume which the Paphian queen

Gave to my girl,—so rare, so sweet,
That, when you smell it, in the throes
Of ecstasy you'll straight entreat
The gods to make you wholly nose.



XIV.

TO CALVUS.

THEE did I not more dearly prize,
Most pleasant Calvus, than mine eyes,
I'd hate thee with Vatinian hate,
For sending what thou didst of late?
What had I done, what said, to be
Belaboured so remorselessly
With such a mass of maudlin verse?
May Jove with countless mischiefs curse
The client, who on thee bestowed
Of fustian rascals such a load!
But if, as shrewdly I surmise,
That pedant Sylla sent this prize

Of new and most recondite stuff,
I can't feel gratitude enough,
That all thy toil in his defence
Has had such fitting recompense.

Gods! what a book ! and this you send
To your Catullus, to your friend,
His comfort wholly to undo,
Upon the Saturnalia, too,
Of all our holidays the day,
One most relies on to be gay.
A harmless jest, you say? But no,
I shan't so lightly let you go ;
For by the peep of sunrise I
To all the booksellers will fly,
And gathering into one vile hash
Suffenus' versicles, the trash,
Rank poison all, indited by
The Cæsii and Aquinii,
With these I'll quit you, throe for throe,
The pangs you've made me undergo.

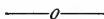
But you, ye wretched sons of rhyme,
The plagues and vermin of the time,
Hence to that grim infernal haunt,
From which ye sprang ! Hence, hence, avaunt !

XVI.

TO AURELIUS AND FURIUS.

I 'LL trounce you, Furius, well, and you,
His peer in vice, Aurelius, too,
That dare to dub me debauchee,
Because my verse is rather free.
True poets should be chaste, I know,
But wherefore should their lines be so?
To these what gives their zest and charm,
But this, that they are free and warm,
And burn with passion, that can fire
Not striplings merely with desire,
But thaw the sinews, thrill the sense
Of cramped and hoary impotence?
Yet reprobates like you conclude,
That I am infamously lewd,
Because my harmless lines, good lack!
Of kisses without number smack.
But mark me, if, when you peruse
The playful sallies of my muse,

You dare to handle me, as though
 I were in lewdness sunk as low
 As you are, I'll so handle you,
 That you my wrath shall dearly rue !



XVII.

ON A STUPID HUSBAND.

OH Town ! on your snake of a bridge that are
 longing
 In dances, and mummings, and sports to be thronging
 But fear that its crazy old timbers, perhaps,
 Coming down with a run, in the marsh may collapse,
 A bridge may you get, strong and sturdy and grand
 As your heart can desire ; one that even will stand
 'Neath the shock of the Salian rites, so you now
 This boon for my special amusement allow !

There's a townsman of mine, whom I long to see sped
 From that bridge to the quagmire clean heels overhead,

And just in that spot I would manage his fall,
Where the sludge is the bluest and rankest of all.
He's a booby, as dull as a baby asleep,
In his dad's fondling arms cuddled up in a heap ;
Though he's wed to a girl still in womanhood's dawn,
A creature more dainty and fine than a fawn,
One who guarded, like grapes that are black - ripe
 should be,*

He leaves her, and cares not a stiver, not he,
Where, how, or with whom her amusement she seeks ;
Never hedges nor moves, whatsoever her freaks,
But lies like a log in a ditch, just as though
He had no wife at all,—his blood is such snow.
So benumbed in his wits is my booby, that he
Is as deaf and as blind as a buzzard can be ;
Yea, he knows not, the oaf, who himself is, or what,
Or whether in fact he exists, or does not.

Him I'd pitch from your bridge, and so haply I might
In the clod some small spark of emotion excite,
And his soul's slough be left in the glutinous flood,
As the mule leaves its iron shoe stuck in the mud.

* The blackest of grapes, with a footpath hard by,
Should hardly be watched with so watchful an eye,
As that kid of a girl, whom old Ægon has made
His partner for life, not ashamed, nor afraid.

ON A STUPID HUSBAND.

(ANOTHER VERSION.)

COLONIA, dear,
That wouldst fain on thy pier
Be dancing,
And prancing,
And standest all ready,
But shrinkest through fear,
Lest of timbers unsteady
The crazy erection
Come down with a crash,
And a smash,
And a splash,
And repose in the wash
Past all resurrection!
May Jupiter grant
Such a bridge as you want
To stand e'en the motions
Of Jumpers' devotions,
If from thence I may meet
With the exquisite treat

Of beholding a certain superlative ass,
Who's a man of my town,
Taken clean off his feet,
And like rubbish shot down,
To congenial ooze in the stinking morass.
The inanimate gaby
Knows less than a baby,
Sufficiently old
For its daddy to hold
In the utmost alarm,
While it sleeps on his arm.
There's a bride
That is tied
To this nincompoop fellow ;
A neat little thing
In her bloomiest spring,
As soft as a kid,
To be guarded and hid
Like grapes that are mellow.
But he's blind to the risk,
Lets her gambol and frisk,
And cares not a groat,
In his helplessness sunk,
Like a half-rotten trunk,
Lying felled in a moat.

On a Stupid Husband.

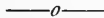
If she didn't exist,
She'd be just as much missed ;
For the lout's deaf and blind,
Hasn't made up his mind,
Who himself is, or what,
Or whether, in fact, he be or be not.

I should like from your bridge just to cant off the
log,
For the chance that his rapid descent to the bog
Might his lethargy jog,
And the sloth of his mind,
Being there left behind,
In the quagmire should stay,
As the mule leaves his shoe in the glutinous clay.

XVIII.

TO THE GOD OF GARDENS.

THIS grove I vow and consecrate to thee,
 Priapus! thou whose home and woodland seat
 Are fixed at Lampsacus, because the sea
 Of Hellespont, with oysters more replete
 Than any sea besides, thee worships most
 Through all the cities that enrich her coast!



XIX.

THE GARDEN GOD.

THIS farm and homestead here among the fens,
 With rushes and with plaited sedges thatched,
 Have I, oh youths, I, whom a rustic axe
 Shaped from a withered oak, so nursed that they

With each new year have flourished more and more.
For they that do this humble cottage own
Pay me due rites, and worship me as god,
Both sire and son,—the one with constant care
Suffering no bramble, thorn, or clambering grass
To clog my shrine ; the other fetching me
His simple offerings with unstinting hand.
In the first budding of the bloomy spring
Upon my altar is a chaplet laid
Of many-coloured flow'rets, interwoven
With tender corn-ears in their sheaths of green.
There too are yellow violets laid, beside
The saffron poppy, and the creamy gourd,
Sweet-smelling apples, and the ruddy grape,
In the green umbrage of the vineyard grown.
Sometimes the bearded he-goat, and his mate,
She of the horny hoof, (but blab not this!)
Dye with their blood my altar : in return
For all which honours is Priapus bound
To do his office yarely, and to ward
The orchard of his master, and the vines.
Wherefore, oh boys, take hence your thievish hands.
The man who owns the neighbouring farm is rich,
And *that* Priapus slumbers on his post ;
Hie thither, then, and help yourselves !` This path
Will carry you at once into his grounds.

XX.

THE GARDEN GOD.

I TRAVELLER, as here I stand,
By homely rustic's artless hand
Out of a sapless poplar cleft,
This little field here on the left,
This cottage, and the garden small,
Its lowly owner's little all,
Protect ; and knaves my vengeance feel,
Who wander here to pick and steal.
To me a chaplet doth he bring
Of many-tinted flowers in spring ;
Anon to me in summer's heat
A sheaf he bears of reddening wheat ;
In autumn luscious grapes he leaves,
Wrapped in a coil of freshest leaves ;
And sees me in the winter cold
With olives wanly-green consoled.
The she-goat carries from my down
Milk-teeming dugs to yonder town ;

The Garden God.

The wether fattened in my fold
Sends back its master rich in gold ;
And often hence the young calf goes,
Whilst all forlorn its mother lows,
And with its milky blood the shrines
Of mightier gods incarnadines.
So, traveller, my godship fear,
And keep your hands from fingering here.
You'd better follow my advice,
Or here is that will in a trice
Most soundly trounce you. " Ha," you say,
" You'd like to see me do it," eh?
And so you shall, egad ! and quick !
Here comes the farmer in the nick,
And in his brawny fist my club
Your shoulders lustily shall drub.

XXII.

TO VARUS.

THAT well-bred, pleasant, chatty beau,
I mean Suffenus, whom you know,
My Varus, hours on hours will spend
In scribbling verses without end.
A thousand lines—a thousand?—ten
At least have dribbled from his pen,
Not jotted down, like even the best
By other bards, on palimpsest;
No! all must be fire-new for him,
The paper royal, covers trim,
The bosses new, the fastenings red,
Each sheet he uses ruled with lead,
The whole affair, in short, I take it,
As smooth as pumice-stone can make it.
But when you read what's written there,
This beau, so bright, so debonnair,
Degenerates at once, by change
Most disagreeable and strange,
Into as coarse and dull a dog,
As e'er cut ditch or tended hog.

Now, is it not most strange, that he,
Who was but now the soul of glee,
Flashing his good things up and down,
Grows duller than the dullest clown,
The moment that he lifts his pen,
To write a line of verse again ?
Yet is he never happy, save
When hammering out some dreary stave,
Oe'r which he gloats, complacent elf,
Profoundly smitten with himself.

Yet, which of us is there but makes
About himself as odd mistakes ?
In some one thing we all demean us
Not less absurdly than Suffenus ;
For vice or failing, small or great,
Is dealt to every man by fate.
But in a wallet at our back
Do we our peccadilloes pack,
And, as we never look behind,
So out of sight is out of mind.*

* Other men's sins we ever bear in mind ;
None sees the fardell of his faults behind.

XVI. -

THE MORTGAGE.

DEAR friend, your little country-seat
Lies in a famous shelter,
That keeps it snug, though tempests beat
Around it helter-skelter.

But there's a mortgage, I've been told,
About it wound so neatly,
That, ere this new moon shall be old,
'Twill sweep it off completely.

ANOTHER VERSION.

DEAR Furius, you may rest assured,
My country-house is well secured.
How? With good timber, stone, and plaster,
From wind, and rain, and all disaster?
Ah, no! but by a certain skin,
Which is encased in painted tin,
It is secured for "money lent,"
To a curst son of Ten-per-Cent.

XXVII.

TO HIS CUP-BEARER.

MY boy, that pours as none else can,
 The bitter old Falernian,
 Fill high our goblets—theirs and mine—
 And with the very mightiest wine !

Posthunia is our queen to-night,
 And brimming cups are her delight.
 Nor is the juice that courses through
 The vine, and gives the grape its hue,
 More native there than is the bowl
 Congenial to her festive soul !

Then take the water hence, my boy,
 'Tis death to wine, and death to joy !
 Your deep-browed sages, they may quaff it,
 But we aside shall ever daff it.
 Great god Lyæus, none but he,
 Shall in our mantling beakers be !

XXVIII.

TO VERANNIUS AND FABULLUS.

COME tell me, lads, who went to Spain,
 To make a purse in Piso's train,
 Verannius, best of friends, and you,
 My excellent Fabullus, too,
 Your looks are lean, your luggage light !
 What cheer, what cheer? Has all gone right ?

Or have you had of cold enough,
 And hunger, with that wretched chuff ;
 And have you netted,—worse than worst,—
 A good deal less than you disbursed ?
 Like me, who, following about
 My prætor, was—in fact—cleaned out.

Oh Memmius, by your scurvy spite
 You placed me in an evil plight !

And you, my friends, for aught I see,
Have suffered very much like me ;
For knave as Memmius was, I fear,
That he in Piso had his peer.

And so a fool's tale fitly ends !
This comes of courting noble friends.
But you, ye prætor scum, the shame
Of all that bear the Roman name,
May every god and goddess shower
Disasters on you hour by hour !

xxx.

TO ALPHENUS.

FORGETFUL, false to all that held thee dear,
 No thought of pity for thy friend hast thou ;
 To our past loves, Alphenus, insincere,
 Thou'rt ready to betray, undo me now.

Go, traitor, go! The gods with horror see
 Such perfidy as thine, for they are just ;
 In my distress even thou desertest me !
 Alas ! where shall we turn, where build our trust ?

Thou bad'st me yield thee up my love, thou didst,
 Wooing my heart in thee its peace to find,
 And now thou turn'st away, my grief amidst,
 Thy words, thy deeds all scattered to the wind !

Thou mayst forget, but Heaven does not forget,
 Nor Faith forget, who shall in season due
 Force thee, in tears of all too late regret,
 Thy wrong to friendship and to truth to rue.

XXXI.

TO SIRMIO.

DEAR Sirmio, that art the very eye
Of islands and peninsulas, that lie
Deeply embosomed in calm inland lake,
Or where the waves of the vast ocean break ;
Joy of all joys, to gaze on thee once more !
I scarce believe that I have left the shore
Of Thynia, and Bithynia's parching plain,
And gaze on thee in safety once again !
Oh, what more sweet than when, from care set free,
The spirit lays its burden down, and we,
With distant travel spent, come home and spread
Our limbs to rest along the wished-for bed !
This, this alone, repays such toils as these !
Smile, then, fair Sirmio, and thy master please,—
And you, ye dancing waters of the lake,
Rejoice ; and every smile of home awake !



XXXIV.

TO DIANA.

YOUTHs and maidens, we are graced
By Diana's cherishing ;
Then, fair youths, and maidens chaste,
Let us to Diana sing !

Thee, Latonia, we adore,
Progeny of sovereign Jove,
Whom thy beauteous mother bore
In the Delian olive-grove ;

That of hills and forests green,
Woodland wild, and mossy brake,
Mistress thou mightst be and queen,
Queen of streams that murmurs make.

Juno thou, Lucina hight,
By our dames in childbed throes,
Trivia weird, and Luna bright,
When thy borrowed radiance glows !

To Diana.

Goddess, who in monthly wake
Measurest thy yearly round,
Thou with goodly fruits dost make
Simple peasants' cots abound.

Hail to thee, whatever name
Glads thee ! and, as heretofore,
Bounteously on all who claim
Ancus' line thy blessings pour !

xxxv.

INVITATION TO CÆCILIUS.

GO, paper, bid my poet friend
 Cæcilius to Verona wend,
 Forsaking for a while
 New Comum's walls, the Larian lake,
 Whose fair, pellucid waters break
 In many a dimpling smile.

Some thoughts I long that he should hear
 Of one that to us both is dear ;
 Then, if he's wise, the way
 He will devour, e'en though a girl,
 In beauty famed a perfect pearl,
 His coming strive to stay.

Ay, though that girl, who has, in sooth,
 If rumour speak but half the truth,
 For him so fondly pined,
 Should his departure try to check
 With both her arms about his neck
 Most lovingly entwined.

For ever since the day, when he
His half-told tale of Cybele
 To her in secret read :
Poor girl, a slow consuming fire
Of sweet unsatisfied desire
 Has on her marrow fed.

Thy passion I can well excuse,
Fair maid, in whom the Sapphic muse
 Speaks with a richer tongue ;
For no unworthy strains are his,
And nobly by Cæcilius is
 The Mighty Mother sung.

XXXVI.

ON THE ANNALS OF VOLUSIUS.

YE lays of Volusius—what scribblings are viler?—
 To my love pay the vow that I vowed to her
 charms ;

For to Venus she vowed, and her son the Beguiler,
 That if I would only come back to her arms,
 And chide her no more in Iambics remorseless,
 She would straightway consign to the lame-footed
 god

All the choicest tidbits, which that very most forceless
 And vilest of scribblers has scattered abroad,
 To be burnt up in wood of congenial dryness ;
 And bad is the best of that pestilent scrawl,
 And my mistress knew well,—for there's wit in her sly-
 ness,

The gods got no very great boon after all.
 Oh thou, of the blue sea begot, who dost Ida's
 Sequestered slopes haunt, and the Syrian wold,

And Golgos, Ancona, and reed-waving Cnidus,
Amathus and Dyrrachium, Adria's hold,
Accept here the vow, that my mistress has plighted,
Accept it when paid, if it seem but to thee
A tribute by wit not unfanciful lighted,
Nor ungraced by the charm of an innocent glee !
But, till that vow be paid, come, ye direst of drivell,
Ye lays of Volusius, coarse, boorish, and mean,
I'll make surè of you here in the fire,—so shrink, shrivel,
And vanish in flame, never more to be seen !

XXXVIII.

TO CORNIFICIUS.

AH, Cornificius ! ill at ease
Is thy Catullus' breast ;
Each day, each hour that passes sees
Him more and more depressed :

And yet no word of comfort, no
Kind thought, however slight,
Comes from thy hand. Ah ! is it so,
That you my love requite ?

One little lay to lull my fears,
To give my spirit ease,
Ay, though 'twere sadder than the tears
Of sad Simonides !

XL.

TO RAVIDUS.

WHAT dire delusion of the brain
Impels you madly thus
To rouse my fierce satiric vein,
You wretched Ravidus?

What god invoked in evil hour
Hath made you so athirst
To risk your life in such a strife,
Where you must have the worst?

Art bent to be the common talk
Of all the town? Go to!
A wish so modest who would balk?
Besides, it is your due.

For you my favour would supplant
With her whom I adore;
I'll brand you then with scorn shall haunt
Your name for evermore.

XLIII.

TO THE MISTRESS OF FORMIANUS.

THOUGH a decided snub your nose,
 Your feet the kind called stumpy,
 Your eyes by no means black as sloes,
 Your fingers fat and dumpy ;

Your lip not peachy soft, your speech
 Less apt to charm than pain us ;
 Yet still I hail you, mistress frail
 Of spendthrift Formianus.

The province, bless its stupid soul !
 Is mad about your beauty,
 So let me also pay my toll
 Of homage and of duty.

But then they say your shape, your grace,
 My Lesbia's, mine, surpasses !
 Oh woe, to live with such a race
 Of buzzards, owls, and asses !

XLIV.

TO HIS FARM.

WHATE'ER thou be, oh farm of mine,
 Of Sabine soil or Tiburtine,
 (For Tiburtine they say thou art,
 Who have Catullus' peace at heart,
 While those, who like to give him pain,
 That thou art Sabine will maintain ;)
 But whether Sabine soil thou be,
 Or Tiburtine, most sweet to me
 Thy villa was, where I shook off
 A most abominable cough
 My stomach caused me t'other day,—
 And right it served me, I must say,
 For loving with too keen a zest
 Luxurious dinners highly dressed.

With Sextianus I *would* dine—
 They said his dinners were divine ;—
 But, oh ! that dinner cost me dear,
 For he insisted I should hear

His speech 'gainst Antius ; such a hash
Of pestilent and poisonous trash,
An ague seized me as he read !
I sneezed, I coughed, until I fled,
And cured within thy cosy breast
Myself with nettle-juice and rest.

Wherefore, my pristine health renewed,
Accept my warmest gratitude,
That thou hast not avenged on me
My epicure propensity.
And when again I'm doomed, if e'er
The Fates such doom for me prepare,
To hear the wretched rubbish writ
By Sextianus' freezing wit,
Oh may the chill his comfort mar
With shivering ague and catarrh,
Not mine, whom he alone invites
To hear the rubbish that he writes !

XLV.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

SEPTIMIUS cried, as on his breast
His darling Acme he caressed,
“My Acme, if I love not thee
To madness, ay, distractedly,
And with a love that well I know
With time shall fonder, wilder grow,
In Libya may I then, my sweet,
Or India’s burning deserts meet
The green-eyed lion’s hungry glare,
And none be by to help me there !”

As thus he whispered, Love was pleased,
And on the right propitious sneezed.

Then bending gently back her head,
And with that mouth, so rosy-red,
Impressing on his eyes a kiss,
His eyes, that drunken were with bliss,

“ Oh, Septimillus, life !” cried she,
“ So love our only master be,
As burns in me, thine Acme true,
A fire that thrills my marrow through,
Intenser, mightier, more divine,
Than any thou canst feel in thine !’

As thus she whispered, Love was pleased,
And on the right propitious sneezed.

Now hallowed by such omens fair,
Each dotes on each, that happy pair.
He, sick with love, rates Acme’s smiles
Above the East or Britain’s isles ;
Whilst Acme, to Septimius true,
For him, him only, doth renew
Love’s first delights, and to her boy
Unfolds fresh treasures of joy.

Were ever souls so lapped in bliss !
Was ever love so blest as this !

XLVI.

FAREWELL TO BITHYNIA.

A BALMY warmth comes wafted o'er the seas,
 The savage howl of wintry tempests drear
 In the sweet whispers of the western breeze
 Has died away ; the spring, the spring is here !

Now quit, Catullus, quit the Phrygian plain,
 Where days of sweltering sunshine soon shall crown
 Nicæa's fields with wealth of golden grain,
 And fly to Asia's cities of renown !

Already through each nerve a flutter runs
 Of eager hope, that longs to be away ;
 Already 'neath the light of other suns
 My feet, new-winged for travel, yearn to stray.

And you, ye band of comrades tried and true,
 Who side by side went forth from home, farewell !
 How far apart the paths shall carry you
 Back to your native shore, ah, who can tell ?

XLVIII.

TO A BEAUTY.

O H, if I thine eyes might kiss,
And my kisses were not crimes,
I would snatch that honeyed bliss
Full three hundred thousand times !

Nor should these a surfeit bring,
Not though that sweet crop should yield
Kisses far outnumbering
Corn-ears in the harvest-field.

XLIX.

TO CICERO.

MOST eloquent of all the line,
From Romulus who claim,
That e'er have shone, or e'er will shine,
Marc Tully, honoured name!

Catullus, of all bards the worst,
Sends hearty thanks to thee—
To thee, of orators the first,
As worst of poets he.

L.

TO LICINIUS.

HOW pleasantly, Licinius, went
The hours which yesterday we spent,
Engaged, as men like us befits,
In keen encounter of our wits !
My tablets still the records bear
Of all the good things jotted there :
The wit, the repartee that flew
From you to me, from me to you ;
The gay bright verse, that seemed to shine
More sparking than the sparkling wine.

And I came home, my friend, at night
In such a fever of delight,
With your rare wit and sayings deep,
That I could neither eat nor sleep ;
But turned, and tossed, and turned again
With throbbing pulse and busy brain,
Longing for dawn to set me free,
Once more to seek your company.

'Tis come, but here I lie half dead
With aching limbs upon my bed ;
Whence I to you these lines have penned,
Oh brilliant and amusing friend,
That so you may divine my mood
Of feverish disquietude !

And now I warn you not to slight
The love I proffer, lest, in spite,
Dread Nemesis inflict on you
Such punishment as then were due ;
A goddess she not over tender,
So have a care how you offend her !

LII.

TO HIMSELF.

WHY, oh Catullus, why
 Dost thou delay to die?
 See, Struma Nonius there
 Sits in the Curule Chair!
 Vatinius,—what that caitiff dares!—
 By when he shall be Consul swears! *
 When such men are in power,
 Why shouldst thou live an hour?

* It appears that Vatinius, as soon as he got on the round of the Curule offices, was in the habit of clinching his statements by the phrase, "As sure as I shall be Consul." "*Ita Consul fiam, ut hæc vera sunt.*" Catullus points to this in the line, "*Per consulatum fejerat Vatinius.*"

LIII.

ON CALVUS.

WHEN in that wondrous speech of his
My Calvus had denounced
Vatinius, and his infamies
Most mercilessly trounced—

A voice the buzz of plaudits clove,—
My sides I nearly split
With laughter, as it cried, “By Jove!
An eloquent tom-tit!”

LIV.

TO CAMERIUS.

I BESEECH you, if 'tis not impertinent, say,
 In what cunning corner you're hidden away.
 In vain have I sought you in park and in hall,
 In the Temple of Jove, in the libraries all;
 The Circus I've traversed with no better fate,
 And coursed through the gardens of Pompey the Great.
 I stopped all the wenches, wherever I went,
 And especially those who looked pleased and content.
 "My friend, my Camerius, where does he hide?
 Restore him, ye mischievous minxes!" I cried.
 One, her bosom unbaring, made answer to me,
 "He's hidden in here 'mongst the roses, you see!"
 But if you were pillowed where such roses grow,
 Not Hercules' self could dislodge you, I know.

Come, out with the truth, friend! no shirking!
 but speak,
 Where are we for you in the future to seek?

Has some milky-white damsel enchanted you? Well,
If to no one the tale of your triumph you tell,
You waste all its fruits, for love revels in this,
To be evermore babbling and boasting its bliss.
Or be dumb, if you'd rather no confidence make,
Only let me with her your affection partake.

For though I were Talus, that guardian of Crete,
Or Ladas, or Perseus, with wings to my feet,
Or wafted on Pegasus, or the snow-white
Swift coursers of Rhesus; or should I unite
In myself all the swiftness of all living things,
That have plumes at their heels, or that flutter on wings;
Or though, my Camerius, I added to those
The concentrated speed of each tempest that blows,
Yet I should be wearied and mortified too,
And utterly jaded in seeking for you.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF JULIA AND
MANLIUS.

URANIA'S son, whose home is on
The heights of skyey Helicon,
Who the virgin in her bloom
Bringest to her lusty groom,
Hymen, hear, thou lovers' friend!
Hear, and hither blithely wend!

bride's
house

Flowers around these brows of thine
Of sweet marjoram entwine;
Bring the scarf with hue of flame,
Type and veil of maiden shame;
Come, and on thy snowy feet
Let the saffron sandals meet!

In this day, when all rejoice,
Laugh, and, with thy silvery voice
Carolling the nuptial song,
Dance with jocund feet along,
And aloft within thy hand
Wave the blazing pine-tree brand!

Julia doth with Manlius wed ;
 Omens blest surround their bed :
 Good she is, and fair, and bright
 As the Queen of Ida's height,
Venus, when the prize to claim
 To the Phrygian judge she came.

As the fragrant myrtle, found
 Flourishing on Asian ground,
 Thick with blossoms overspread,
 By the Hamadryads fed
 For their sport with honey-dew,
 All so sweet is she to view.

Hither, then, thyself betake,
 And a little while forsake
 The Aonian grottoes hid
 Thespia's rocky wolds amid,
 Washed in many a plashy pool
 By Aganippe's waters cool.

And call the lady home with soul
 Submissive to her lord's control ;
 Around her heart love's tendrils bind,
 Until, like clasping ivy twined
 Around a stately tree, they hold
 It mazed in meshes manifold.

And you, ye stainless virgins, whom
 A day awaits of kindred doom,
 Combine to give her-welcoming,
 And here with us in measure sing,
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, thou
 Attend us with thy blessing now!

Chorus

That summoned by your voices chaste,
 He may to do his office haste,
 And hither wend more swift and sure,
 The harbinger of blisses pure,
 Who doth for evermore delight
 True hearts in wedlock to unite.

What god shall worshipped be above
 This god, yea this, by all who love?
 Or which of the celestials find
 More adoration from mankind?
 Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, thou
 Attend us with thy blessing now!

Thee doth the parent full of dread
 Implore to bless his children's bed;
 For thee, for thee, the virgin chaste
 Unclasps the girdle from her waist;
 The bridegroom lists with throbbing heart,
 Till thou within the chamber art.

II

6/1 summoned is Hymen th
 ion of marriage he is
 summoned to witness itself

The Epithalamium of

The maiden all in blushes dressed,
 Thou bearest from her mother's breast,
 And giv'st into her lover's arms,
 That close triumphant on her charms.

Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, thou
 Attend us with thy blessing now?

Without thee love no bliss can reap,
 And its good name unsullied keep;
 But it is blest, yet pure the while,
 If thou upon its raptures smile.
 Oh, which of all the gods in bliss
 Is worthy to compare with this?

Without thee can no home beget
 An honoured progeny, nor yet
 The parent in the heir survive—
 But with thee all his blossoms thrive.
 Oh, which of all the gods in bliss
 Is worthy to compare with this?

The lands from which thy rites are barred,
 Can ne'er, their frontier-bounds to guard,
 Breed chiefs whom all revere; but they,
 If thou conferr'st thy blessing, may.
 What god of all the gods in bliss
 Is worthy to compare with this?

And now, ye gates, your wings unfold!
The virgin draweth nigh. Behold
The torches, how upon the air
They shake abroad their gleaming hair!
Come, bride, come forth! no more delay!
The day is hurrying fast away!

But lost in shame and maiden fears
She stirs not,—weeping, as she hears
The friends that to her tears reply,
Thou must advance, the hour is nigh!
Come, bride, come forth! no more delay!
The day is hurrying fast away!

Dry up thy tears! For well I trow,
No woman lovelier than thou,
Aurunculeia, shall behold
The day all panoplied in gold
And rosy light uplift his head
Above the shimmering ocean's bed!

- appear again
to her heart

As in some rich man's garden-plot,
With flowers of every hue inwrought,
Stands peerless forth with drooping brow
The hyacinth, so standest thou!
Come, bride, come forth! no more delay!
The day is hurrying fast away!

it is a song? original

both stanzas
come
together

Come forth, fair bride ! Delay no more !

Come forth and hear the hymn we pour - Song

To Hymen, mighty god, for thee !

Come forth, sweet bride ! The torches, see,

Are waving high their golden hair !

Then come in all thy beauty rare !

fidelit

No base adult'ress from his vows

Shall ever wean thy constant spouse,

Nor any lure of pleasures vile

His loyalty from thee beguile ;

But, nestling to thy gentle breast,

He'll live in thee supremely blest.

As round its wedded elm the vine

Doth all its clinging tendrils twine,

So in thy loving arms will he

Be twined and circled round by thee.

But day is hurrying fast away ;

Come, bride, come forth ! no more delay !

And thou white-footed couch, in pride

That wait'st the coming of the bride,*

* O me felicem ! O nox mihi candida, et O tu
Lectula, deliciis facta beata meis !—PROPERTIUS, iii. 7. 1.

Oh happy I ! Oh night to me of nights !

And thou, oh couch, made blest by my delights !

Above all couches blest, do thou
From yonder flowers that deck thee now
A perfume breathe so exquisite,
Shall steep the lovers in delight !

What joys ecstatic soon shall greet
Thy lord, what thrilling raptures sweet,
Beneath the glimpses of the moon, *expectation*
And in the hush of sultry noon !

But day is hurrying fast away ;
Then come, sweet bride, no more delay !

Raise, boys, your torches ! raise them high !

→ I see the scarf of crimson nigh.

On ! To her home the bride to bring,

And, as ye move, in measure sing

Hail, Hymen ! Hymenæus, hail !

Hail, Hymen, Hymenæus !

* * * *

Oh happy bride, how richly blest,
Of such a lordly home possessed, -
As from thy spouse thou tak'st to-day,
Which to the end shall own thy sway !

Hail, Hymen ! Hymenæus, hail !

Hail, Hymen, Hymenæus !

*marrige
is solemn
grooms and
bridegroom
run track*

Till hoary age shall steal on thee,
 With loitering step, and trembling knee,
 And palsied head, that, ever bent,
 To all in all things nods assent !
 Hail, Hymen ! Hymenæus, hail !
 Hail, Hymen, Hymenæus !

fidelity

Thy golden-sandalled feet do thou
 Lift lightly o'er the threshold now !
 Fair omen this ! And pass between
 The lintel-post of polished sheen !
 Hail, Hymen ! Hymenæus, hail !
 Hail, Hymen, Hymenæus !

drama

we see a
procession

See where, within, thy lord is set
 On Tyrian-tinctured coverlet,
 His eyes upon the threshold bent,
 And all his soul on thee intent !
 Hail, Hymen ! Hymenæus, hail !
 Hail, Hymen, Hymenæus !

strength in the
room - style
becomes more
calm & solid

Within his inmost heart a fire
 Is flaming up of sweet desire,
 As warm as that which flames in thine,
 Yea, warmer, wilder, more divine !
 Hail, Hymen ! Hymenæus, hail !
 Hail, Hymen, Hymenæus !

Thou purple-vestured youth, untwine
 The rounded arm that rests on thine,
 And let the maid, by others led,
Advance to climb her husband's bed!
 Hail, Hymen! Hymenæus, hail!
 Hail, Hymen, Hymenæus!

→ her own
 weakness -
 strengthened
 by her
 husband

Ye dames, who have your husband's praise
 Well-earned through length of many days,
 In bonds of single wedlock tied,
Advance, 'tis yours to place the bride!
 Hail, Hymen! Hymenæus, hail!
 Hail, Hymen, Hymenæus!

Enter, husband! Now thou mayst!
 In the couch thy wife is placed;
 And her cheeks with shame aglow
 'Neath the veil of saffron show,
 Like the pale parthenium through
Poppy-beds of saffron hue.

his images -
 flowers

Thou too, by the gods I vow,
Not less beautiful art thou!
 Venus, who endows the fair,
 Hath on thee bestowed her care.
 Soon the day will disappear;
 Tarry not, but enter here.

beauty

Tarried hast thou not, indeed.
 Now, to recompense thy speed,
 Venus aid thy genial task,
 Since thou scorn'st thy love to mask;
 What thou wishest boldly taking,
 Of thy joy no secret making.

Let him first compute the grains
 Of the sand on Egypt's plains,
 Or the stars that gem the nights,
 Who would count the rare delights,
 Which thy spousals yet shall bless,
 Joys in number numberless !

Now disport, and stint ye not !
 Children be anon begot.
 'Tis not meet so old a stem
 Should be left ungraced by them,
 To transmit its fame unshorn
 Down through ages yet unborn.*

the heart of
 the epithalamium

* Blessings in abundance come
 To the bride, and to her groom !
 May the bed and this short night
 Know the fulness of delight.
 Pleasures many here attend ye,
 And ere long a boy love send ye,
 Curled and comely, and so trim,
 Maids, in time may dote on him.
 Thus a dew of graces fall
 On ye both. Good night to all !

—HERRICK'S *Hesperides*.

Soon my eyes shall see, mayhap,
Young Torquatus on the lap
Of his mother, as he stands
Stretching out his tiny hands,
And his little lips the while
Half open on his father smile.

- Perpetuation of family

And oh ! may he in all be like
Manlius his sire, and strike
Strangers, when the boy they meet,
As his father's counterfeit,
And his face the index be
O his mother's chastity !

Him, too, such fair fame adorn,
Son of such a mother born,
That the praise of both entwined
Call Telemachus to mind,
With her who nursed him on her knee,
Unparagoned Penelope !

Now, virgins, let us shut the door !
Enough we've toyed, enough and more !
But fare ye well, ye loving pair,
We leave ye to each other's care ;
And blithely let your hours be sped
In joys of youth and lustyhed !

LXII.

NUPTIAL SONG.

YOUTHS.

LO, Hesper is at hand! Rise, youths! His light
 Expected long now harbingers the night.
 'Tis time to quit the feast. We must away.
 Swell high with me the hymeneal lay.
 Anon the virgin comes in blushes by.
 Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou nigh!

MAIDENS.

Mark you the youths? Rise up, rise up, each maid!
 Already hath the evening star displayed
 In the dim welkin his Oetean flame.
 Mark you their nimbleness? Then know their aim!
 Anon they'll sing a lay we must outvie.
 Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou nigh!

YOUTHS.

No easy triumph, comrades, shall we gain.
 See how the maids are practising their strain!

Nor vainly so. With undivided care
Their task is wrought—what marvel, if 'tis fair?
Whilst we, who labour with distracted wit,
Are like to lose the palm, and so 'tis fit,
Bestowing here our voice, and there our ear.
Well studied work to victory is dear—
Pains undivided, toil that will not tire;
Then kindle to your task with answering fire!
Anon they will begin; we must reply.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou nigh!

MAIDENS.

Say, Hesper, say, what fire of all that shine
In Heaven's great vault more cruel is than thine?
Who from the mother's arms her child can tear—
The child that clasps her mother in despair;
And to the youth, whose blood is all aflame,
Consigns the virgin sinking in her shame!
When towns are sacked, what cruelty more drear?
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen, hear!

YOUTHS.

Say, Hesper, say, what fire of all that shine
In Heaven's great vault more jocund is than thine?
Who with thy flame dost ratify the bond
Of wedlock-troth first vowed by lovers fond,

By parents vowed, but consummated ne'er,
Until thy star hath risen upon the air?
What choicer hour sends heaven our life to cheer?
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen, hear!

MAIDENS.

Woe, my companions, woe, that Hesper thus
Hath reft the fairest of our mates from us!
Why were we heedless of thy coming—why?
For most it fits to watch, when thou art nigh.
To stolen delights by night the lover hies,
And him wilt thou, oh Hesper, oft surprise,
When thou in other name dost reappear.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen, hear!

YOUTHS.

Heed not the railing of the virgin choir!
They joy to chide thee with fictitious ire.
How, if within their secret soul they long
For what they so vituperate in song?
Then to their chiding turn a heedless ear.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, draw thou near!

MAIDENS.

As in a garden grows some floweret fair,
Safe from the flocks, safe from the ploughman's share,

Nursed by the sun, by gentle breezes fanned,
Fed by the showers, admired on every hand,
There as it coyly blossoms in the shade,
Desired by many a youth, by many a maid ;
But pluck that flower, its witchery is o'er,
And neither youth nor maid desires it more.
So is the virgin prized, endeared as much,
Whilst yet unsullied by a lover's touch ;
But if she lose her chaste and virgin flower,
Her beauty's bloom is blighted in an hour :
To youths no more, no more to maidens dear.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou near !

YOUTHS.

As grows a widowed vine in open fields,
It hangs its head, no mellow clusters yields ;
So droops the fragile stem, its topmost shoot
With nerveless tendril hangs about its root ;
That vine no husbandman nor rustic swain
Hath cared to tend or cultivate or train ;
But if by happier chance that self-same vine
Around a husband elm its tendrils twine,
Then many a husbandman and rustic swain
Its shoots will tend and cultivate and train.
Even such the virgin, and unprized as much,
That fades, untended by a lover's touch ;

But when, in fulness of her maiden pride,
Some fitting mate has won her for his bride,
She's loved as never she was loved before,
And parents bless her, and are stern no more.

YOUTHS AND MAIDENS.

Then spurn not, oh ye virgins, such a groom !
Unmeet it is to spurn the man to whom
Thy father gave thee, and thy mother too ;
For unto them is thy obedience due.
Not wholly thine is thy virginity ;
Thy parents own some part of it in thee.
One third thy father's is by right divine,
One third thy mother's ; one alone is thine.
Then war not with these twain, who with thy dower
Have given their son-in-law their rights and power.
Come ! to the bridal-chamber hence—away !
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, bless our rites to-day !

LXIII.

A T Y S.

SWIFTLY, swiftly, o'er the ocean Atys urged his
 flying bark,
 Swiftly leapt to land, and plunged into the Phrygian
 forest dark,
 Wherein the mighty goddess dwells, and, by a zealot
 frenzy stung,
 Shore with a flint his sex away, which madly on the
 ground he flung.

And when he felt his manhood gone, and saw the gore-
 bedabbled grass,
 Up in his snowy hands he caught the timbrel light, that
 with the brass
 Of clanging trumpets swells thy rites, great mother
 Cybele, and smote
 The sounding hide, and to his mates thus shrilly sang
 with quivering note :

“ Away, away, ye sexless ones, to Cybele’s high grove ! ”
he said.

“ Away, ye truant herd, and hail our mistress, Dindymene
dread !

Ye, who with me braved surge and storm, and exiles in
a barbarous land,

With me, in measureless disdain of Venus, have your-
selves unmanned !

“ Rejoice, rejoice, what revelries our mistress has in
store for us !

No laggard fears retard ye now ! On to the steep of
Dindymus !

Hence to her Phrygian shrine with me ! On to her
Phrygian forests speed !

Where drums and echoing cymbals crash, and drones
the curvèd Phrygian reed.

“ Where raving Mænads wildly toss their ivy-circled
brows about,

Where they affright the haunts divine with wailing shrill
and piercing shout,

Where to and fro and up and down, unresting evermore
they stray,

There must we pay our vows, and join the mystic dance
—away, away ! ”

He ceased, and his companions all with eldritch howl
repeat the strain—

The timbrel light, the cymbal's clash, reverberate along
the plain ;

Then to green Ida's dusky groves they rush, with Atys
at their head,

Who, like a steer that spurns the yoke, crazed, furious,
panting, onward sped.

Still on he flew, the maddening crew whirled after—at
the shrine they stopped ;

There, wan and wearied, lifelessly they all upon the
threshold dropped ;

All faint and fasting down they sank—a sullen trance
their frenzy dims,

And leaden sleep seals up their eyes, and numbs their
over-wearied limbs.

But when the sun's fresh steeds had chased the dark,
and with his radiant eyes

He gazed along the solid earth, the cruel seas, and
golden skies,

Sleep, leaving then the fevered brain of Atys calmed with
downy rest,

Flew to divine Pasithea, who caught and clasped him to
her breast.

The frenzied dream was past, and when the wretch saw
 what it was and where,
Again it tottered to the shore in agony of fierce de-
 spair ;
There, gazing on the ocean's wide and waste expanse
 with streaming eyes,
With choked and broken voice unto the country of its
 birth it cries :

“ My country, oh my country, my mother, and my nurse !
 from whom
I, like a recreant slave, have fled to Ida's dreary forest
 gloom,
To rocks, and snows, and frozen dens, to make with
 beasts my savage lair,—
Where dost thou lie, thou lovèd land, my country, oh,
 my country, where ?

“ Oh, let me see thee, whilst my brain is yet awhile from
 madness free !
My very eyeballs turn, and turn, unceasingly in quest
 of thee :
Friends, country, parents, all, all gone !—the throng, the
 struggle for the goal,
The wrestler's gripe—oh misery !—weep, weep, for ever
 weep, my soul !

“What grace, what beauty, but was mine? Boy, youth,
and man, I was the flower
Of the gymnasium; in the ring of wrestlers first for
skill and power:
My doors were ever thronged, and when I left my couch
at break of day,
Fair garlands hung by beauteous hands around them
welcomed me always.

“What am I now? Slave to the gods—crazed votary of
horrid rites—
Maimed, barren, ever doomed to freeze on Ida’s green
and snow-girt heights,
'Neath Phrygia’s frowning crags, where roam the stag
and forest-ranging boar,—
Woe, woe, that e'er I did the deed! that e'er I touched
this fatal shore!”

The wandering winds caught up the words, as from his
rosy lips they fell,
And bore those sounds so strangely wild to where the
blest immortals dwell;
They reached the ears of Cybele, who loosed her lions
from the yoke,
And thus to him that drew the left in words of kindling
ire she spoke:

“Away, away, pursue your prey! Scare, scare him
back in wild affright,
Back to the woods, the wretch that spurns my service,
and that scorns my might!
Lash, lash thy flanks, with furious roar shake terror
from thy shaggy mane!
Away, away!” She ceased, and flung upon his neck
the loosened rein.

Frantic and fierce, with roar and plunge the monster
through the thicket crashed,
And on to the surf-beaten shore, where stood the gentle
Atys, dashed.
The wretch beheld him—wild with fear, into the shaggy
forest fled,
And there in orgies drear a life of ministering bondage
led.

Oh goddess ever to be feared, oh goddess great and
wonderous!
Oh Cybele divine, that hast thy reign on shady Dindymus!
Oh may thy madness never touch my heart, nor blast
my trembling brain;
In others let thy visions wild, thy frenzied inspirations
reign!

LXIV.

THE NUPTIALS OF PELEUS AND THETIS

COME, list with me a legend old and true,
 When pines that erst on Pelion's ridges grew,
 Swam through the waves of Neptune to the strand
 Of Phasis and the stern Æëtes' land !
 Then did a chosen band, the flower of Greece,
 From Colchis bent to wrest the Golden Fleece,
 Dare in swift ship the treacherous waves to sweep,
 Cleaving with oars of fir the azure deep.
 For them the goddess who in cities dwells,
 Serene amidst their topmost citadels,
 Welding to curvèd keel stout ribs of pine,
 The chariot framed with virgin hands divine,
 Which birdlike flew before the lightest breeze,
 Through Amphitrite's yet untravelled seas.

Soon as its prow the breezy waters shore,
 That broke in foam around the torturing oar,
 Out of the creaming surges in amaze
 Wild faces rose on that strange sight to gaze—

The Nereids of the deep ; and mortals then
Beheld, what never they beheld again,
The Nymphs of Ocean lift their rosy breasts
Above the foam-flakes of the billows' crests.
Then Peleus, then, with love for Thetis burned,
Nor was by Thetis mortal wedlock spurned,
And Jove himself approved the vows, that gave
The god-born maid to paramour so brave.

Hail, heroes born in that auspicious time,
When life was young and earth was in her prime !
Hail, progeny of gods ! And mother, you
Within your breast who bore that band so true ! *

* The text of the original is here manifestly corrupt. The ordinary reading is—

*O nimis optato sæclorum tempore nati
Heroes, salvete, deùm genus ; o bona mater !
Vos ego sæpe meo vos carmine compellabo .*

The difficulty here is the meaning to be attached to "*bona mater.*" This has been generally held to apply to the ship *Argo*, assuming her, by a bold poetical metaphor, to be the mother of the crew. This reading has been followed in the translation. Heyse, doubtless on the authority of some of the manuscripts, but which of them is not stated, reads—

*O bona matrum
Progenies salvete iterum*

with a hiatus for the rest of the line. This reading does not mend matters, as it merely substitutes a commonplace for a somewhat extravagant metaphor. The best reading is probably that suggested by my friend Dr Charles Badham—to substitute "*tuum*" for "*deùm,*" and insert a comma

Oft shall your names be echoed in my lay ;
Thine, too, of Thessaly the prop and stay,
Who, in thy nuptials with that golden fair,
'Mongst men wert honoured far beyond compare ;
Since that on thee the Sire of Gods bestowed
The peerless maid for whom himself had glowed.
And did, then, Thetis give herself to thee,
Thetis, the loveliest daughter of the sea ?
And did Oceanus, who with his tide
Enrings the orbèd earth on every side,
And Tethys yield to thee their grandchild for a bride ?

At length, when passed the foreordained delay
The day arrived, the long, long wished for day.
Then to the palace all Thessalia hies,
Laden with gifts, joy sparkling in their eyes.
The thronging crowds stream through the stately halls,
From Cranon's homes, Larissa's fortified walls ;
From fair Phthiotic Tempe, too, they pour,
And Scyros lies forsook from shore to shore.

after "*genus*," applying it to the "*bona mater*"—the "common mother"
of Shakspeare's *Timon*,

Whose womb immeasurable and infinite birth,
Teems and feeds all.

The passage might then be translated thus—

Hail heroes of that blissful time, the birth
Of the all-teeming parent, bounteous Earth !

On to Pharsalia streams the tide, and all
Pharsalia's homes are thronged with festival.
No man his acres tills ; the bullock's throat,
From toil released, assumes a softer coat :
The creeping vine knows not the weeder's care,
No steers with gliding plough the furrows tear :
No billhook thins the shade of leafy boughs,
And red with rust neglected lie the ploughs.
But Peleus' halls through all their length unfold
The gorgeous sheen of silver and of gold ;
Of ivory are the seats, the tables blaze
With bowl and chalice, all that meets the gaze
A royal wealth and starred magnificence displays.

Deep in an inner room the genial bed
Of the celestial bride stands richly spread ;
Of Indian tooth the frame, whilst o'er it fell
A cover crimsoned from the costly shell,
Whereon with wondrous skill the needle told,
How heroes looked and moved in times of old.
There Ariadne gazing, with her soul
Distraught with ire she could not yet control,
From Dia's wave-resounding shore, descries,
Where in his swift-winged bark false Theseus flies.
She will not trust what reels before her sight :
It cannot be ; 'tis some wild dream of night,

That she, of maidens most unblest, should stand
Forlorn, forsaken on that lonely strand !
Unheedful of her anguish he the while
Behind him leaves the still receding isle,
Smiting the billows with his oars, and casts
His broken pledges to the ocean blasts.
With woe-struck gaze across the waters lone,
Like some distracted Mænad carved in stone,
The maiden eyes him from afar, and she
Heaves with her griefs as with a surging sea.
Down dropped the fillet from her golden hair,
Dropped the light vest that veiled her bosom fair,
The filmy cincture dropped that strove to bind
Her orbèd breasts, which would not be confined,
And, as they fell around her feet of snow,
The salt waves caught, and flung them to and fro.

But not of fillet, nor of floating vest,
The thoughts which on her then so fiercely pressed ;
No, Theseus, thou alone, through all her pain,
Wert present to her sense, her heart, her brain.
Oh hapless maid, predestinate to know
The ceaseless tortures of a rankling woe,
Wrought by the Queen of Eryx on the day,
When cruel Theseus, from the winding bay
Of the Piræus, trod with airy spring
The halls Gortynian of the ruthless king !

For thus it was, that direful chance befell.
When Cecrops' town,—long forced, as legends tell,
By cruel pestilence across the main,
In expiation for Androgeos slain,
Of her young men and maids to send the flower,
Food for the Cretan monster to devour,—
Was wasted by the curse, which had at length
Nigh reft the little town of all its strength,
Then princely Theseus vowed his life to sell
For his dear Athens which he loved full well,
So that funereal ship might sail no more,
Freighted with living death to Creta's shore.
Thus, by light breezes wafted o'er the foam,
He came to haughty Minos' lordly home.
Soon as the royal maid with wishful eye
Beheld him—she, who still was wont to lie
Within her mother's soft embraces, fed
And nourished by the balmy odours shed
From that chaste couch (as myrtles sweet, that grow
Where the clear waters of Eurotas flow,
Or scents exhaled from spring-tide's flowery vest)—
A sudden flame shot up within her breast,
Which, ere she turned her ardent gaze away,
Through every vein and fibre seemed to play.

Oh maddener of the soul, celestial boy,
Who dost with sorrow dash our dearest joy,

And thou who reign'st o'er Golgos and the shades
Of fair Idalia's leafy forest glades,
On what a sea of passions, wild and high,
Tossed ye that ill-starred maid ! How many a sigh
Heaved she in anguish for that fair-haired guest !
What sickening terrors quivered in her breast !
How many and many a time more wan of hue
Than the dull sheen of sallow gold she grew,
When Theseus burned to meet the monster fell,
And die, or do what deathless fame should tell !
With silent lip her vows in many a fane
Are hung, and win the gods. Ah, bootless gain !
For as the whirlwind, when on Taurus' heights,
The branching oak or oozing pine it smites,
Up by the roots tears the huge gnarlèd strength,
Which, falling, scatters wreck through all its length ;
So Theseus down the savage monster dashed,
Which with its horns the unheeding breezes gashed.
Then, crowned with glory, back the victor sped,
His footsteps guiding by the slender thread,
Which marked an outlet from the winding ways,
Else noteless, of the labyrinthine maze.

But why, digressing from my story, tell
What further fates the royal maid befell ?
How father, sister, mother, all she left,—
Oh, woful mother, of thy child bereft !—

Forsook them all for Theseus' love, his smile?
How came their ship to Dia's sea-girt isle?
Or how, while yet she lay in saddest sleep,
Her faithless consort fled across the deep?
Oft in the frenzy of her heart's despair,
With shriek that rang on shriek she smote the air,
Then, worn with grief, the precipices clomb,
To gaze o'er that wide waste of weltering foam;
Anon she rushed into the plashing sea,
Her fair soft limbs unbaring to the knee,
And bathed in tears, and all her bosom rent
With frequent sobs, she uttered this lament.

The Lament of Ariadne.

“ Was it for this, false Theseus, ye lured me from my
home,
That unaccompanied, unconsolated, I this bleak shore
should roam?
False to the vows thou'st deeply sworn before the
gods? And durst
Thou bear thy broken honour home, thy perjuries
accurst?”

“ And could no gentle thought of me, no thought of all
the pain,

That's writhing here, here at my heart, thy purpose
fell restrain ?

Woe, woe ! And were thy promises of destiny like
this ?

Is this thy promised bridal feast, and hymeneal
bliss ?

“ Henceforth, let woman never trust the oaths that man
shall make,

Nor ever more his honeyed speech within her bosom
take !

While yet the fire of his desire is hot within his
breast,

What will he not to woman swear, to heaven what
not protest ?

“ But let her in an evil hour resign her maiden
trust,

And yield the blossom of her youth to sate his selfish
lust,

Then what recks he of lavish oath, or vow, or whis-
pered prayer ?

He triumphs in his perjuries, and spurns at her
despair.

“Thou, too, whose very life was mine, by me to life
restored,
By me, who for thy love gave up my brother to thy
sword !
Yet thou for this hast left me here, a prey to monsters
dread,
With no fond hands to cover me with earth, when I
am dead !

“Wert whelped by some lone lioness in far-off desert
cave,
Or wert thou spawned, to curse the earth, by ocean’s
seething wave ?
What hungry Scylla gendered thee, what vast Cha-
rybdis made
The man who life’s all priceless boon with such re-
quital paid ?

“I might not be thy wife, perchance, if such thy sire’s
decree ;
This had I borne, so I had dwelt beneath one roof
with thee ;
I would have been thy handmaid—ay, to me it had
been sweet,
To spread the purple couch for thee, to lave thy
weary feet.

“ But wherefore, frenzied with my wrong, thus pour
my griefs in vain
Upon the unregarding winds? They cannot feel my
pain !
They have no heart to throb with mine, no ear to
hear my cries,
No voice to echo back to me my wailing and my
sighs !

“ And he can hear me not, for seas now far between us
roar,
And no one living creature stirs on all this vacant
shore.
Thus ruthless Fate, to mock me in my hour of
anguish bent,
Denies the solace of an ear to fill with my lament !

“ Oh, would, almighty Jove ! the fleet had never
touched the shore,
Which from Athenè's town to Crete the fatal tribute
bore ;
Nor one that hid so black a heart within a form so
fair,
Beneath my father's roof had come, to blast it with
despair ?

“ Lost, lost! Where shall I turn me? Oh, ye pleasant
hills of home,
How shall I fly to ye across this gulf of angry foam?
How meet my father's gaze, a thing so doubly steeped
in guilt,
The leman of a lover who a brother's blood had
spilt?

“ A lover! gods! a lover! And alone he cleaves the
deep,
And leaves me here to perish on this savage ocean
steep!
No hope, no succour, no escape! None, none to
hear my prayer!
All dark, and drear, and desolate, and death, death
everywhere!

“ Yet ere these sad and streaming eyes on earth have
looked their last,
Or ere this heart has ceased to beat, I to the gods
will cast
One burning prayer for vengeance on the man who
fouly broke
The vows which, pledged in their dread names, in my
fond ear he spoke.

“ Come, ye that wreak on man his guilt with retribution
 dire,
Ye maids, whose snake-wreathed brows bespeak your
 bosoms' vengeful ire !
Come ye, and hearken to the curse which I, of sense
 forlorn,
Hurl from the ruins of a heart with mighty anguish
 torn !

“ Though there be fury in my words, and madness in
 my brain,
Let not my cry of woe and wrong assail your ears in
 vain ! *
Urge the false heart that left me here still on with
 headlong chase
From ill to worse, till Theseus curse himself and all
 his race ! ”

When thus she poured her plaint, that hapless maid,
Invoking vengeance for her youth betrayed,
Jove with his awful nod the prayer approved,
Whereat the earth through all its depths was moved ;

* Or more literally—

Deep is the woe, and deep the wrong, from which my curse doth rise ;
So deep should be the wound in him your fury shall chastise !
Then urge his heart, &c.

The wild waves trembled, and a shudder went
Through every star that gems the firmament.
So in that hour thick darkness settled o'er
The mind of Theseus, and he recked no more
His sire's injunctions, he till then had kept—
His aged sire's, who now his absence wept—
Nor raised the signal of his safety, when
His vessel reached the shores of home again.
For Ægeus, so the legend runs, before
That vessel parted from Athenè's shore,
Ere he his son intrusted to the wave,
Embracing him, this last injunction gave :

“ My son, my only child, more dear to me,
Than any length of lingering days can be—
My son, so early lost, so lately found,
When my fast failing years had reached their bound,
Whom I ere these dim eyes have gazed their fill,
On thy dear face, must needs, against my will,
Send forth to doubtful ventures o'er the sea,
Since so thy valour and my doom decree,
Thy going forth with smiles I will not bless,
Nor let thee bear the emblems of success.
First in wild plaints I'll vent my heart's despair,
With earth and dust defile my hoary hair,

Then sails I'll hang upon thy roving bark,
Of iron-hued Iberian canvas dark,
Which shall proclaim abroad upon the wind
The grief that as with fire consumes my mind.
But oh, if she who doth Itonus haunt,
The guardian of our race and home, shall grant,
That in the monster's gore thou shalt imbrue
Thy right hand, then to this behest be true ;
Look to it well, and let nor time nor place
This last injunction from thy heart efface !
Soon as thine eyes shall see our hills, from all
The yards let these funereal shroudings fall ;
Strain every rope, and up with sails of white,
Which I, afar beholding, with delight
Shall hail the signal that assures me thou
Art there—alive—with victory at thy prow ! ”

These words had Theseus, through all perils past,
Kept in his heart of hearts ; but now at last,
Like clouds that from some snow-capped mountain's
 head,
Are driven before the scudding gale, they fled.
So, when his sire, who from his topmost keep,
Straining his gaze for ever o'er the deep,
Had worn in ceaseless tears his anxious eyes,
Puffed with the breeze the distant sail descries,

Deeming his Theseus then too surely slain,
Down from the cliffs he leaped into the main.
Thus when proud Theseus with exulting tread
The threshold crossed, where lay his father dead,
A sorrow smote him, kin to that his scorn
Had wrought to Minos' daughter, left forlorn,
Who, torn with passions manifold and dark,
Still gazed and gazed on his receding bark.

Elsewhere upon that coverlet of sheen,
Bounding along was blooming Bacchus seen,
With all his heart aflame with love for thee,
Fair Ariadne ! And behind him, see,
Where Satyrs and Sileni whirl along,
With frenzy fired, a fierce tumultuous throng !
Evöe ! they yell, Evöe ! that jocund rout,
And clap their hands, and toss their heads about.
There some wave thyrsi wreathed with ivy, here
Some toss the limbs of a dismembered steer ;
Around their waists some coiling serpents twine,
While others work the mysteries divine
With arks of osiers, mysteries of fear,
Which the profane desire in vain to hear.
Others with open palms the timbrel smite,
Or with thin brazen rods wake tinklings light ;
And many a hoarse resounding horn is blown,
And fifes barbarian shriek with hideous drone.

Such were the storied forms profusely spread
O'er all the covering of the nuptial bed.
The youth of Thessaly with eager gaze
This triumph of the needle's art surveys,
Then, tired with wondering, homewards 'gan repair,
And left the guests divine to enter there.
As when at early dawn the western breeze
Into a ripple breaks the slumbering seas,
Which, gently stirred, move slowly on at first,
And into gurglings low of laughter burst ;
Anon, as fresher blows the rising blast,
The waves crowd onwards faster and more fast,
Floating away till they are lost to sight
Beneath the glow of the empurpled light,—
So from the royal halls, and far from view,
Each to his home with wandering steps withdrew.

When they had gone, from Pelion's rocky clefts
Came Chiron foremost, bearing silvan gifts.
Whate'er of loveliest decks the plains, whate'er
The giant mountains of Thessalia bear,
Whate'er beneath the west's warm breezes blow,
Where crystal streams by flowery margents flow,
These in festoons and coronals inwrought
Of undistinguishable blooms he brought,
Whose blending odours crept from room to room,
Till all the house was gladdened with perfume.

Anon Penëus came from Tempe's glades,
Fair Tempe, girt with hanging forest shades,
Where the Nessonides their sports prolong,
And make the woodlands ring with dance and song.
Nor does he come with empty hands, for he
With all their roots brings many a tall beech-tree,
And princely bay ; along with which he drew
The blasted Phaethon's lithesome sister too,*
The towering cypress and the nodding plane.
These did he plant around the broad domain,
That o'er the vestibule the leafy screen
A grateful shadow flung of gladsome green.

Astute Prometheus next arrived, on whom
The scars still lingered of his ancient doom,
When fettered to the rock, as bards have sung,
On the lone peak of Caucasus he hung.

Anon from heaven, majestic of mien,
Came the great Father of the Gods, his queen,
And all his race, save Phœbus, only thee,
And Ida's nymph, thy sister twin, for she,
Like as thyself, on Peleus looked with scorn,
Nor would fair Thetis' nuptial feast adorn.

* The poplar-tree. The sisters of Phaethon, inconsolable for the death of that adventurous charioteer, were changed into poplars.

When on the couches now the guests divine,
Laid all along, their snowy limbs recline,
The feast was served, and all the tables round
With varied viands were profusely crowned,
Then, swaying feebly to and fro their limbs,
The Parcæ chanted their soothsaying hymns.
Their palsied forms in robes of white were wound,
Braided with purple where they touched the ground.
Upon their heads were snowy fillets tied,
And their thin hands their endless labours plied.
The left the distaff held, from which the right,
Plucking the wool with upturned fingers light,
Twisted the threads, which o'er the thumb they wound,
Then swiftly whirled the well-poised spindle round.
With teeth they smooth their work, as on it slips,
And flecks of wool stick to their withered lips,
Bit from the threads ; while at their feet, and full,
Stand osier-baskets of the whitest wool.
Then as they span, with voices shrill and strong,
They poured this weird in alternating song,
Which no succeeding age shall e'er convict of wrong.

Song of the Parcæ.

“ Oh thou, who dost the splendour of thy race
With the renown of thy great virtues grace,

Emathia's stay, the glory of her youth !
Give ear, and mark it well, our song of sooth,
Thy weird to come, which we, the Sisters Three,
On this high-joyful day unfold to thee !

Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads of doom !

“ A little while, and Hesper will be here,
And bring thee what is most to bridegrooms dear !
Comes with his gracious star thy bride, who will
With soul-subduing love thy bosom fill,
Round thy strong neck her ivory arms entwine,
And sink into a sleep that blends with thine !

Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads of doom !

“ No home e'er harboured love so true, so fond !
No loves e'er mated lovers in a bond
So knit by harmony of constant minds,
As each to each these perfect lovers binds !

Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads of doom !

“ To you Achilles shall in time be born ;
On death and danger he will look with scorn.
Not by his back shall he to foes be known,
But by his breast's undaunted front alone.
Oft, too, victorious in the race decreed,
The fiery-footed stag he shall outspeed.

Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads of doom !

“ With him no hero shall in battle vie,
When Trojan blood the Phrygian streams shall dye,
And perjured Pelops’ grandson shall destroy,
After long years of siege, the walls of Troy.

Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads of doom !

“ His peerless prowess, and his deeds of fame,
Shall mothers, mourning for their sons, proclaim,
The while with feeble hands their breasts they smite,
And strew with dust their streaming tresses white.

Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads of doom !

“ For as the husbandman, what time the grain,
Fired by the sun, is yellowing o’er the plain,
Mows the thick ears, his trenchant falchion so
Shall smite the sons of Troy, and lay them low.

Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads of doom !

“ Scamander’s waters, as they roll to meet
The rushing Hellespont, of many a feat
The proof shall bear, wrought by his valiant arm,
When with the steam of thickening carnage warm,
Through channels struggling choked with heaps of
slain,
The mingling currents redden all the main.

Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads of doom !

“ To his high worth fit tribute shall be paid
In the dark doom, that waits the captive maid,
When reared on the high mound that swells below,
The smooth-heaped pile receives her limbs of snow.

Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads of doom !

“ For soon as to the wearied Greeks it shall
Be given by fate to storm Troy's god-built wall,
The lofty tomb shall in the blood be dyed
Of fair Polyxena, the unwedded bride,
Who prone to earth a headless trunk shall reel,
As falls the victim 'neath the two-edged steel.

Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads of doom !

“ Wherefore away, and consummate the rite,
In which your souls are yearning to unite.
Take, groom, in wedlock blest the child of heaven,
To her long-longing lord the bride be given !

Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads of doom !

“ Her nurse at morn shall find the thread too tight,
Which more than spans her maiden throat to-night.

Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads of doom !

“ Between these twain shall discord never be,
Nor ever shall her mother mourn to see

Her daughter severed from her husbands bed,
And all her hopes of children's children fled.

Run, spindles, run, and weave the threads of doom !”

In such prophetic strains the Fates foretold
High bliss to Peleus in the days of old.
For in that elder time, when truth and worth
Were still revered and cherished here on earth,
The tenants of the skies would oft descend
To heroes' spotless homes, as friend to friend,
There meet them face to face, and freely share
In all that stirred the hearts of mortals there.

Thus on his days of festal, year by year,
Would the great Father of the Gods appear,
And from the splendours of his stately fane
Behold a hundred chariots sweep the plain.
Oft from Parnassus' topmost ridges, too,
Would roving Bacchus lead his yelling crew
Of Thyads, with their locks all blown about,
When forth the Delphian throng with cry and shout
Rushed from their town to greet him, and the smoke
Of altar-fires their gratitude bespoke.
Oft in the battle's foremost van was seen
Grim-fronted Mars, or rushing Triton's queen,

Or the Rhamnusian virgin, as to close
In deadly gripe they cheered the mailèd foes.

But when the earth was steeped in crime, and when
All justice fled the souls of selfish men ;
When brothers dyed their hands in brothers' gore,
And children wept their parents dead no more ;
When the sire yearned his first-born son to see
Stretched at his feet a lifeless corpse, that he
Might for the riot of his brutal bed
Secure the stepdame, widowed yet unwed ;
When, lost to all remorse, a mother vile,
Her household gods could impiously defile,
And yield herself, by no endearments won,
To the embrace of her unconscious son ;
Then wrong and right, impiety and crime,
Confounded by the madness of the time
Unto the just Immortals struck dismay,
And from the chaos drear they turned away.
Wherefore no more would they be seen of men,
Beneath the light of common day again.

LXV.

TO HORTALUS.

FROM converse with the learnèd sisters torn
 By grief, which cries for ever at my heart,
 My mind, dear Hortalus, so faint and worn
 With anguish is, that I have lost the art
 The Muses' gentle promptings to impart ;
 For Lethe's tide has recently rolled o'er
 My brother's pallid feet its waters swart,
 Who, hurried from mine eyes for evermore,
 Now sleeps in Trojan earth by the Rhætèan shore.

Oh, is thy voice for ever hushed and still ?
 Oh, brother, dearer far than life, shall I
 Behold thee never ? But in sooth I will
 For ever love thee, as in days gone by ;
 And ever through my songs shall ring a cry
 Sad with thy death, sad as in thickest shade
 Of intertangled boughs the melody,
 Which by the woful Daulian bird is made,
 Sobbing for Itys dead her wail through all the glade.

Yet in the midst of all my griefs I send
 These verses from Cyrenè's poet ta'en,
Lest thou, belike, mightest deem, belovèd friend,
 That I thy bidding lightly did disdain,
 Or but by chance remember it with pain ;
As maiden coy, within whose bosom sleeps
 Love's furtive gift, to greet her mother fain,
Springs up, when forth the tell-tale apple leaps,
And o'er her cheeks a blush of shame and anguish creeps.

LXVI.

BERENICE'S HAIR.

THE HAIR SPEAKS.

[This is the poem referred to in the immediately preceding lines. The original by Callimachus is lost.]

THE sage who did with curious cunning trace
The lights that gleam through all the vast of
space,

Numbered the constellations o'er, and knew
The rising of the stars, their setting too ;
What veils the sun's resplendence in eclipse,
And why at stated times each planet dips
Beyond our ken ; how love's delicious power
Drew Trivia down from her aerial bower
To Latmos' cave ;—he, Conon, sage divine,
Descried me, where afar in heaven I shine :
I 'mongst the stars myself resplendent now,
I who once curled on Berenicè's brow,
The tress which she, uplifting her fair arms,
To many a god devoted, so from harms

They might protect her new-found royal mate,
When from her bridal chamber all elate,
With its sweet triumphs flushed, he went in haste
To lay the regions of Assyria waste.

Are the endearments of their plighted lord
By new-made brides detested and abhorred?
Sincere the tears, which they profusely pour,
Soon as they pass the nuptial chamber door,
To dash their parents' joys? No! False I swear
By all the gods, such tears and such despair!
This from my queen I learned, as many a day
And woful night she wore in grief away,
When her young spouse went forth to warfare's grim
array.

Yet in thy solitude 'twas not alone
Thy lorn and widowed couch thou didst bemoan;
But a dear brother's danger, borne afar
Into the carnage and the clang of war.
How wert thou racked with terror and with pain,
'Till reason tottered in thy tortured brain!
Yet from thy tenderest maiden years had I
Thy spirit known magnanimous and high.
Didst thou that deed of noble note forget,
Which won for thee thy royal lord, and yet

Shines on the roll of fame pre-eminent?
But, oh thy grief when forth thy husband went!
What words of anguish! mighty Jove, what sighs!
What tears by fingers wan dashed from thine eyes!
What mighty god so changed thee? Or was this,
Because to lovers fond long absence is
As dread as once divine their now remembered bliss?
Then, then it was for thy dear spouse that thou
Thy crispèd hairs to all the gods didst vow,
With blood of bulls, to speed him home, and bring
All Asia vassal bound to Egypt's king.

Thy prayers were heard; and 'mongst celestials
now

With lustre new I pay thy pristine vow;
And yet reluctantly, oh queen most fair,
I parted from thee!—by thyself, I swear,
And by thy head! and dire shall be his doom,
Who may to slight that awful oath presume!
But what can stand against the might of steel?
'Twas that which made the proudest mountain reel,
Of all by Thia's radiant son surveyed,
What time the Mede a new Ægean made,
And hosts barbaric steered their galleys tall
Through rifted Athos' adamantine wall.

When things like these the power of steel confess,
What help or refuge for a woman's tress ?
Oh, Jove ! be all the Chalyb race accurst—
All, and whoe'er through earth's recesses first
Tracked out the veinèd ore, and in the fire
First shaped and tempered it to uses dire !

Whilst yet my sister tresses, parted late
From me they loved, were mourning o'er my fate,
On wingèd steed, by beating pinions driven,
Swept Ethiop Memnon's brother down from heaven,
And bore me from Arsinöe's shrine away,
Up through the regions of eternal day.
There did he lay me on chaste Venus' breast ;
For she it was had sped him on the quest,
That Ariadne's crown should not alone
Gleam in the forehead of the starry zone,
But we, the golden spoils that decked her shrine,
Should there as well with equal radiance shine.
Still with the tears of my loved mistress wet,
Was I amidst the stars primeval set :
Hard by the Virgin's light, and Lion's wild,
And to Callisto near, Lycaon's child,
I wheel into the west, and lead the way
Where slow Böotes, with a coy delay,

Beneath the mighty ocean dips his light.
But though the footsteps of the gods by night
Trample me down, yet am I with the dawn
Back to the breast of fair-haired Tethys drawn.
Yet be not wroth, Rhamnusian maid, to hear
The truth I scorn to hide in vulgar fear ;
Though on the avowal all the stars cry shame,
The yearning which I feel I must proclaim.
My state so glads me not, but I deplore
I ne'er may grace my mistress' forehead more,
With whom consorting in her virgin bloom,
I bathed in sweets, and quaffed the rich perfume.

And now, ye maidens, on whose happy bed
The hymeneal torch its light has shed,
Resign not, as ye hope for bliss, your charms
Unzoned, unshielded, to your husband's arms,
Till from your onyx box you pay the fee
Of perfumes sweet, and daintiest balms to me.
But such as are to wedlock's vows untrue,
I ask no tributary gifts from you ;
Let them be scattered on the shrinking dust,
My votaries only be the pure and just,
And love and harmony for ever dwell
Within the homes their virtues guard so well !

But oh, my queen ! when lifting up thy gaze
Here to the stars, with torches' festal blaze
Thou dost propitiate Venus, let not me
Be all forgotten or unseen by thee.
Nay, rather upon me, who once was all
Thine own, with bounteous offerings duly call.
Once all thine own ? Ay, still thine, only thine !
Why am I doomed among the stars to shine ?
Oh, on the forehead of my queen to play
Once more ! Grant this, and then Aquarius may
Next to Orion blaze, and all the world
Of starry orbs be into chaos whirled !

LXVII

TO MANLIUS.

THAT now, when sinking 'neath a weight of fears,
 By saddest suffering and bereavement bred,
 You send this letter written with your tears,
 Which bids me save you from death's portal dread,

And give you back to life, like shipwrecked wight
 Flung by the billows on the foaming shore,
 You, whom on widowed couch in slumbers light
 Chaste Venus suffers to repose no more ;

So racked by grief, that lays, the sweetest penned
 By poets old, no more can charm your heart ;—
 All this, though sad, is welcome ; friend from friend
 Should crave the balm which Love and Song impart.

But oh, my Manlius ! meet it is, you learn,
 That I by kindred troubles am oppressed,
 Lest you misdeem that I the office spurn,
 Or stint the dues of a long-cherished guest.

Hear then from me, in what a sea of grief
I have been plunged by Fate, since last we met ;
Nor ask from one so wretched the relief
Which minstrel measures tuned to joy beget.

E'er since, when life to gladsome spring had grown,
And first I donned the robe of spotless white,
My muse was gay, nor unto Her unknown,
Who blends with pain our bitter-sweet delight.

But, brother, what with mirth was once so rife
Is turned to sadness by thy timeless doom ;
Dead with thy death is all that cheered my life,
And all our house is buried in thy tomb !

Gone are the joys that, whilst thou yet wert here,
Were by thy sweet affection fanned and fed ;
All studies, all delights, that once were dear,
I've banished from my soul, since thou art dead !

Then 'tis no shame, although you call it such,
That in Verona stays Catullus, there
Freezing unblest in solitary couch ;
No, rather, Manlius, pity my despair !

Nor chide me, if, myself by grief bereft
Of all the mirthful cheer that once I knew,

I cannot greet thy challenge with the gift
Of sportive verse, which else had been your due.

Scant is the store of writers, too, which I
Have with me here. What wonder? Since at Rome
Alone I live, alone my studies ply,
And there my treasures are, my haunts, my home !

Hither has only one small case of books
Come with me, of my many choice and good ;
Then say not—howsoe'er unkind it looks—
A grudging spirit, or a churlish mood

Impels me to deny to your request
The boons you crave. Away the injurious thought !
For were I rich in either, I had pressed
My books and verses both on you unsought !

LXVIII.

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO.

MUSES, no more can I forbear to sing
 What help, what joys I to Acilius owe,
 Lest Time, his love no more remembering,
 The veil of dark oblivion o'er it throw.

To you will I proclaim it; and do you
 To myriads numberless the tale rehearse;
 And, to resound his praises, still renew,
 When it is old, the music of my verse!

So when the tomb shall claim him, he shall leave
 A still increasing heritage of fame,
 And her fine web no pendent spider weave
 Across Acilius' unregarded name.

For well ye know, ye Maids, the anguish dire,
 Which wily Amathusia brought to me,
 And how she kindled in my heart a fire,
 Fierce as the streams that in Thermopylæ

All hotly from the Malian fountain rise,
Or lava torrents on Trinacria's peak,
When ceaseless weeping dimmed my wasted eyes,
And with their woful showers bedewed my cheek.

As some clear stream, from mossy stone that leaps,
Far up among the hills, and, wimpling down
By wood and vale, its onward current keeps
To lonely hamlet, and to stirring town,

Cheering the wayworn traveller as it flows,
When all the fields with drought are parched and
bare ;
And as the favouring breeze, that softly blows,
When tempest-battered seamen pour their prayer

To Castor and to Pollux ; such I found
Acilius, strong to comfort and to save :
To my domains he set an ampler bound,
And unto me a home and mistress gave.

Her love we shared : methinks I see her now,
My goddess fair, as many a time and oft,
On sandals bright of sheen, with radiant brow
She swept into my room with footing soft !

So came Laodamia, fired with love,
To her Protesilaus' home of yore,
A love unblest, for those who rule above
She had forgot to woo with victim's gore.

(May nought so charm me, thou Rhamnusian maid,
That I shall be on its fruition bent,
Till my oblations to the gods are paid,
And on my happiness they smile consent !)

How doth for blood the insatiate altar gasp,
Laodamia learned in that dark hour,
When forced from her endearments to unclasp
The spouse so lately welcomed to her bower ;

Forced, ere a second winter's long sweet nights
Could to her hungry love such raptures give,
That, in remembrance of those rare delights,
Though widowed of her mate, she still could live.

A darksome weird, which, well the Parcæ knew,
Must soon befall, if he to Troy should go ;
For 'twas the time when Troy against it drew
The Argive chiefs to work its overthrow,

Mad for the rape of Helen. Troy accurst,
Of Asia and of Europe both the tomb !
Grave of the brave and noble ! Troy that durst
My own dear brother whelm in hapless doom !

Woe's me, my brother ! Comfort of mine eyes !
Entombed with thee is all our house ; and dead
With thee the pleasures all, I once did prize,
Which, living, by thy love wère fanned and fed !

Whom now, far, far away, not laid to rest
Amid familiar tombs with kindred dust,
Fell Troy detains, Troy impious and unblest,
'Neath its unhallowed plain ignobly thrust !

That plain, whereto the Grecian youth of yore
From every side, their hearth-fires leaving, sped,
So Paris might not with his paramour
In easy dalliance press his shameless bed.

'Twas then, Laodamia, oh most fair !
From thee was torn a husband, prized above
Thy life and soul ; so wert thou hurried there,
Upon the whirling torrent of thy love,

Into a steep-down gulf, as dark and deep
As that which erst, in Grecian story famed,
Where rolls Peneus by Cyllene's steep,
From oozy marsh the fertile soil reclaimed—

Cleft by Amphitryon's son the mountain through,
When for a master, whom he held in scorn,
His arrows the Stymphalian monsters slew,
That so heaven's threshold might anon be worn

By gods more numerous, nor Hebe keep
Too long unrifled all her virgin bloom ;
But thy deep love was than that gulf more deep,
Which schooled a god to brook a servile doom.

For ne'er did grandsire fondlier prize the heir,
An only daughter to his age hath given,
That routs his harpy kinsmen, in despair,
To see his treasures from their clutches riven ;

Nor e'er was dove more loyal to her mate,—
That bird, which, more than all, with clinging beak
Kiss after kiss will pluck insatiate,—
Though prone thy sex its joys in change to seek,

Than thou, Laodamia ! Tame and cold
Was all their passion, all their love to thine ;
When thou to thy enamoured breast didst fold
Thy blooming lord in ecstasy divine !

As fond, as fair as thou, so came the maid,
Who is my life, and to my bosom clung ;
Whilst Cupid round her fluttering, arrayed
In saffron vest, a radiance o'er her flung.

And though at times her wayward fancy stray
To other lovers, shall I then complain,
Her favours with my jealousies repay,
And torture her and vex myself in vain ?

Such is the way of fools ; yea oft, 'tis true,
Heaven's queen, great Juno, burned with ire, when
Jove
To furtive dalliance stole, for well she knew,
How wantonly her lord was wont to rove.

Yet 'tis unseemly, mortals to compare
With gods ; and wherefore over her should I
Keep faithful watch, with all a father's care,
And on her stol'n endearments play the spy ?

She came not to me, by a father led,
 Whilst Syrian odours welcomed home the bride ;
But in the hush of night to me she sped—
 Oh night of rapture !—from her husband's side,

And therefore, so that I, and I alone,
 Possess her on the days she culls for me,
And signalises with a whiter stone,
 I care not how inconstant she may be.

This gift of verse, the best I have, I send
 In poor return for benefits untold,
That Time's debasing rust may not, my friend,
 Obscure thy name, when thou and I are cold.

Thee with all other boons the gods endow,
 Which Themis gave the good, who were her care !
Blest be thy home, scene of our sports, and thou,
 And she, thy life, who reigns the mistress there !

And he who made us friends, my days to cheer
 With all thy love ; and chiefly blest be she,
My light, my joy, who, than myself more dear,
 Makes life all sweetness, while she lives, for me !

LXXII.

ON AN INGRATE.

NO more thy pains for others' welfare spend,
Nor think by service to attach a friend :
All are ungrateful—love goes slighted still,—
Nor merely so, but is repaid by ill ;
Witness myself, whose bitterest foe is he,
Who never had a friend on earth but me.

LXXVII.

TO RUFUS.

O H Rufus, trusted as my friend and more,
 Trusted in vain and fruitlessly! Ah, no!
 Not fruitlessly; for bitter fruit it bore,
 That trust, I gave, of wrong and cureless woe.

Was it for this into my heart you crept,
 To steal away the worshipped idol, there
 Within its inmost shrine so fondly kept,
 And blast my days with horror and despair?

Like thief you stole it with a caitiff guile
 Bane of my life, our friendship's blight and pest!
 Oh hell! that your foul kisses should defile
 The stainless lips mine own so oft have pressed!

Yet shalt thou not escape my vengeance. No!
 For through the ages shall thy tainted name
 Live in men's mouths a by-word and a show,
 Doomed to a drear eternity of shame!

LXXIX.

ON LESBIUS.

LESBIUS is handsome, I allow !
And he is more to Lesbia's mind,
Catullus, own the fact, than thou,
Than thou, and all thy kind.

But this same exquisite is free
To sell me, and my kin to boot,
If he can point as friends to three,
Yes, three men of repute.

LXXXII.

TO QUINCTIUS.

IF, Quinctius, thou wouldst have me owe
My very eyes to thee,
Or aught, if aught, friend, thou dost know
That dearer still may be ;

Then rob me not of her, I pray
Whom dearer than my eyes,
Or aught that dearer is than they,
I dote upon and prize.

LXXXIII.

HOW LOVERS HATE.

WHEN her husband is by,
 Lesbia clamours that I
 Am a monster, nor fit to come near her,
 Whereat her poor spouse
 Rubs his flourishing brows,
 And chuckles with pleasure to hear her.

Why, cannot you see,
 You blockhead, if she,
 Forgetting, were silent about me,
 The chances were then
 Many hundreds to ten,
 You'd have reason no longer to doubt me?

But her expletives tell,
 She remembers too well,
 And, what a more serious case is,
 That she's dying with pique,
 Which in railing she'll wreak,
 Till I shut up her mouth with embraces.

LXXXIV.

ON ARRIUS.

WHENEVER Arrius wished to name
 "Commodious," out "Chommodious"
 came ;
 And when of his intrigues he blabbed,
 With his "hintrigues" our ears he stabbed,
 And thought, moreover, he displayed
 A rare refinement, when he made
 His h's thus at random fall
 With emphasis most guttural.
 So spoke his mother, I'll be bound,
 His uncle so his h's ground,
 His grandam so the vowels tried,
 And grandsire on the mother's side.

To Syria Arrius was despatched,
 And then our ears a respite snatched.
 'Twas quite a comfort and delight
 To hear such words pronounced aright,

With no alarm lest they should grate
With the redundant aspirate :
When suddenly came news one day,
Which smote the city with dismay,
That the Ionian seas a change
Had undergone most sad and strange ;
For, since by Arrius crossed, the wild
“ Hionian Hocean ” they were styled.

XCVI.

TO CALVUS.

CALVUS, if those now silent in the tomb
Can feel the touch of pleasure in our tears,
For those we loved, who perished in their bloom,
And the departed friends of former years ;

Oh, then, full surely thy Quinctilia's woe,
For the untimely fate that bade ye part,
Will fade before the bliss she feels to know
How very dear she is unto thy heart !

XCIX.

THE STOLEN KISS.

THE kiss I stole, when thou and I,
Dear girl, were romping in the glade,
Did nectar in its sweets outvie,
But oh ! how dear for it I paid !

The caitiff on the cross can know
Not half the agonies I felt,
When thou wert deaf to all my woe,
As at thy feet in tears I knelt.

I saw thee wipe—oh, death to bear !—
The lip in scorn which mine had pressed,
As though the dew which lingered there
Were venom of the deadliest.

The Stolen Kiss.

My peace is gone ! For oh, that kiss
 Torments me day and night ; and all
Its sweetness and ambrosial bliss
 Are turned to bitterness and gall !

I can't forget, nor thou forgive ;
 And so, the wretchedest of men,
I vow I'll never, while I live,
 No, never steal a kiss again !

CI.

CATULLUS AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE.

O'ER many a sea, o'er many a stranger land,
 I bring this tribute to thy lonely tomb,
 My brother ! and beside the narrow room
 That holds thy silent ashes weeping stand.
 Vainly I call to thee. Who can command
 An answer forth from Orcus' dreary gloom ?
 Oh, brother, brother ! life lost all its bloom,
 When thou wert snatched from me with pitiless hand !
 Woe, woe is me, that we shall meet no more !
 Meanwhile, these gifts accept, which to the grave
 Of those they loved in life our sires of yore
 With pious hand and reverential gave—
 Gifts that are streaming with a brother's tears !
 And now, farewell, and rest thee from all fears !

THE SAME (RETRANSLATED).

[Critics have said, and will say, and say justly, that the preceding version is not translation but paraphrase. Only the audacity of youth will account for the expansion into a sonnet, modern in conception, no less than in expression, of the simple, passionate language of a grief so deep and despairing as that of Catullus. The unclassical reader will probably be helped to a better idea of what Catullus wrote by the following literal line-for-line version in the metres of the original.]

OVER many a land, and over many an ocean,
 Here to thy desolate grave, brother, oh brother,
 I come !

Only on thee to bestow death's last forlornest bestrew-
 ments,

Only in vain to conjure thy unanswering dust.

Woe is me for the doom that of thee so untimely bereft
 me,

Hapless brother, when thou wert so relentlessly
 ta'en !

Now meanwhile the tribute our fathers from ages
 primeval

Gave in their sorrow to those whom in life they had
 loved,

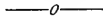
Take, all drenched with the tears of brotherly anguish ;
 and, brother,

Ever be blessings on thee—fare thee well evermore !

.CII.

TO CORNELIUS.

IF secret e'er be lodged by friend with friend,
 Each bound to each by proved fidelity,
 Thy trust I'll keep as sacred to the end ;
 So think you have Harpocrates in me.



.CIII.

TO SILO.

YOU, Silo, rude and surly? Zounds!
 Deliver back my fifty pounds,
 And then you may, for aught I care,
 Be rude and surly—if you dare!
 But, pray, while pimping is your trade,
 Remember, sir, for what you're paid,
 And keep, whate'er may lurk beneath,
 A civil tongue within your teeth !

CV.

ON MAMURRA.

MAMURRA, he toils till at each pore he oozes,
 The heights of Pimplea to scale ;
 But over the cliffs he is chucked by the Muses,
 With pitchforks back into the vale.

—o—

CVIII.

TO COMINIUS.

IF on your hoary age, Cominius, foul
 With every filthy vice that tongue can name,
 The public voice might speak its doom, a howl
 Of universal horror would proclaim—

“ Give to the vultures his malignant tongue,
 Tear out his eyes and toss them to the crows,
 His entrails next to carrion dogs be flung,
 And let the wolves of what is left dispose !”

CXIII.

TO CINNA.

WHEN Pompey was Rome's consul first,
'Twas with but two adulterers cursed.
When next he did the office fill,
These two remained to cuckold still :
But they had managed so to teach,
That myriads more had sprung from each :
So fast it breeds and breeds again,
The taste for wives of other men.

CXIV.

ON MAMURRA.

MAMURRA rich is said to be,
In his estate at Formiæ,
And rightly too, since it can boast
Of everything one wishes most ;
In parks, and ponds, and pasture-grounds,
And well-tilled acres it abounds ;
In fish and fowl withal, both tame
And wild, and every sort of game.
But how about their owner, pray ?
Is he the wealthy man they say ?
Not he ! For in a week, 'tis clear,
He spends the income of a year.
Call his estate, then, princely, grand,
So he but starve amid the land,
And let its wealth exceed all thought,
So he, its beggared lord, have nought !

CXVI.

TO GELLIUS.

I OFTEN pondered and debated,
If I my odes to you should send,
From old Callimachus translated,
For you to criticise and mend ;

In hopes, that so I might appease ye,
And make you down your weapons fling ;
But this I find is not so easy—
Gnats will be gnats, and try to sting !

So, Gellius, I no more will flatter,
Nor look for any peace from you.
Fall on ! my cloak your shafts will scatter,
But mine shall pierce you through and through.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS





NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

—◆—

TO CORNELIUS NEPOS. Page 1.

THE Cornelius Nepos to whom Catullus dedicates his poems is the writer familiar to us in the volume *De Viris Illustribus*, over which many a school-boy's weariest hours have been passed; a volume which bears his name, but is now universally admitted to be, with the exception of the Life of Atticus, merely an epitome by another hand of Nepos's original work. He was the author of numerous important works, none of which have come down to us; and, among others, of the *Epitome of Universal History* referred to by Catullus in this poem. That this Cornelius was the person selected by Catullus for the dedication of his volume, has been concluded from the following lines of a poem by Ausonius, who wrote in

the fourth century, when the facts of the literary history of Catullus's time were doubtless well known :—

Cui dono lepidum novum libellum ?

Veronensis ait poeta quondam :

Inventoque dedit statim Nepoti.

Whom shall I give this pretty little book to ?

Said on a time the poet of Verona ;

Found, and on Nepos presently bestowed it.

Fresh pumice-polished and as neat, &c. Page 1.

The parchments on which the manuscripts of the ancients were written were polished with pumice-stone, the better to receive the ink. When completed, the outside was subjected to the same operation, and ornamented with colour or otherwise. A highly-finished composition was said to be *pumice expolitum*. Catullus may perhaps use the phrase in this sense ; but more probably he alluded merely to the fact, that the presentation copy of the poems was carefully got up ; just as nowadays a poet might have his volume bound by a Trautz Boissonnet, Lortic, Capé, or Bedford.

A century or more. Page 2.

Lamb justly observes, that by this "Catullus does not mean that he should be content to survive one century, and then be forgotten ; but he considers that, if he continues to be read at the end of the first hun-

dred years, he will have obtained established reputation, and certain immortality. Thus Johnson, in his preface to Shakespeare, says of our great bard, 'He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit.'" A safe test, and to be borne by those only who have said in the best way what men of all times think or feel, and would say, if they could.

TO LESBIA. Page 3.

We place this poem first in the Lesbia series, because nothing is more probable, if conjecture may be admitted on matters of this kind, than that it was written by Catullus in the first fervour of his passion for Lesbia, and probably while he was yet a suitor for her favours. It is an adaptation of Sappho's famous ode, the chord struck in which doubtless vibrated in his own heart, and led him to pour his love, as such love often does, into imitative song. "Nothing," Landor has truly said, "can surpass the graces of this; and it leaves us no regret but that we have not more translations by him of Sappho's poetry." Catullus had probably other things to think of before long than the ambition of echoing the love-laden melodies of others, and he found a voice of his own for what he had to say of Lesbia and himself. That voice came right from his heart; and its charm is of the kind which belongs only to few of the great singers of the world. While striking home at once to the hearts of other men by its

sincerity and depth, it does this in cadences which captivate the ear by their unsurpassable sweetness.

The poem is but the fragment of a fragment. It has not been improved by the addition at some period of the lines which are usually printed as the concluding verse :—

*Otium, Catulle, tibi molestum est :
Otio exsultas, nimiumque gaudes.
Otium et reges prius, et beatas
Perdidit urbes.*

If these lines are not spurious, which most probably they are, they are so entirely out of place that the poem gains by their absence. Mr Gladstone has, however, considered them worth translating in his published version of the poem :—

Him rival to the gods I place,
Him loftier yet, if loftier be,
Who, Lesbia, sits before thy face,
Who listens and who looks on thee ;

Thee smiling soft. Yet this delight
Doth all my sense consign to death ;
For when thou dawnest on my sight,
Ah, wretched ! flits my labouring breath.

My tongue is palsied. Subtly hid
Fire creeps me through from limb to limb :
My loud ears tingle all unbid :
Twin clouds of night mine eyes bedim.

Ease is my plague : ease makes thee void,
Catullus, with these vacant hours,
And wanton : ease that hath destroyed
Great kings, and states with all their powers.

Ambrose Philips's very spirited version of the ode will probably continue to be its favourite representative in English verse. Is it heresy to suggest, that it owes its fame as much to Addison's praise as to its own merits?

The burning passion of Sappho's poem has never, perhaps, been more closely imitated than by Racine, in the lines where Phædra describes the effect of her first meeting with Hippolytus :—

Athènes me montra mon superbe ennemi :
Je le vis, je rougis, je pâlis à sa vue—
Un trouble s'éleva dans mon âme éperdue,
Mes yeux ne voyaient plus, je ne pouvois parler ;
Je sentis tout mon cœur et transir et bruler.

"Peut-on," says Voltaire, "mieux imiter Sappho ? Ces vers, quoique imités, coulent de source ; chaque mot trouble les âmes sensibles, et les pénètre. Ce n'est point une amplification ; c'est le chef-d'œuvre de la nature et de l'art." The lines, as Rachel spoke them, in this her greatest impersonation, justified Voltaire's panegyric in its fullest extent.

It speaks volumes for the truth of the emotion which inspired the poems of Catullus, that modern poets have again and again fallen into precisely the same

strain. Thus we have Tennyson writing of his *Eleanore*—

I watch thy grace; and in its place
 My heart a charmed slumber keeps,
 While I muse upon thy face;
 And a languid fire creeps
 Through my veins to all my frame,
 Dissolvingly and slowly; soon
 From thy rose-red lips my name
 Floweth: and then, as in a swoon,
 With dinning sounds my ears are rife,
 My tremulous tongue faltereth,
 I lose my colour, I lose my breath,
 I drink the cup of a costly death,
 Brimm'd with delirious draughts of warmest life.

So, too, we have Shelley, in his beautiful lines *To Constantia Singing*, dealing with the same images:—

My brain is wild, my breath comes quick,—
 The blood is listening in my frame,
 And thronging shadows, fast and thick,
 Fall on my overflowing eyes:
 My heart is quivering like a flame;
 As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,
 I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

LESBIA'S SPARROW. Page 4.

This little poem, charming as it is, has had a reputation at least equal to its deserts. It brings vividly

before us the coquettish beauty, fanning the fire of her lover's passion, and concealing her own, as she wantons with her feathered favourite. This, we may fancy, was in the early days of their attachment. Mr Lamb, in common with many critics, supposes that the sparrow was Lesbia's solace, when separated from Catullus, translating the whole passage thus :—

For thus, when we are forced to part,
Her thoughts from me she steals ;
Thus solaces by sportive art
The soft regret, the fretful smart,
I fondly hope she feels.

Catullus would scarcely have concerned himself about the privileges which the sparrow enjoyed in his absence. But that Lesbia should toy with it whilst he was sitting by, yearning to clasp her in his arms, was provoking in the extreme, especially when he more than suspected that this was done rather to hide her own emotion than from any peculiar pleasure in the amusement. A lover like Catullus must have regarded such trifling as mistimed. Under this construction, the full force of the "credo" comes out :—

*Ut solatiolum sui doloris,
Credo, ut tam gravis acquiescat ardor.*

The point of the reference to Atalanta's story in the concluding lines of the poem, is not very obvious. How that swift-footed lady was overcome in the race

by her suitor and competitor, Hippomenes, through the fascination of the golden apples which he flung before her, is a story familiar to all, and its moral has even now lost none of its force. As M. Noel (*Catulle*, v. ii. p. 11) has pleasantly remarked, "On prétend que les belles de nos jours courent aussi bien qu'elle, mais qu'heureusement les pommes d'or n'ont rien perdu de leur vertu."

ELEGY ON LESBIA'S SPARROW. Page 6.

This elegy, which has all the charm of a fine intaglio—"infinite riches in a little room"—would alone have secured immortality for Catullus. Ovid, in his elegy *In Mortem Psittaci* (*Amor.*, El. vi.), an elaborate and somewhat tedious poem, imitated it with but indifferent success. Juvenal alludes to it as if everybody in his day knew all about the sparrow:—

Cujus

Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos.

For whose sad demise
Lesbia wept out her charming little eyes.

Martial makes constant references to it. The imitations and translations of later writers are innumerable. It is needless to say, that the best of them only serve to make the unapproachable conciseness, delicacy, and finish of the original peculiarly conspicuous. Noel gives some twenty-five imitations in

Greek, Latin, Italian, and French—enough to satiate the most curious in such matters.

*Now he treads that gloomy track,
Whence none ever may come back.*—p. 6.

It has been found impossible to preserve here the force of the “illuc” in the original:—

*Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum,
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.*

How the word throws the mind at once across the gulf which separates us from

The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns !

It is not only individual words like this, but a pervading tenderness, couched in the endearing diminutives, and in the musical softness of the syllables, for which our language has no counterpart, that, even if it were possible to rekindle the feeling in which they were originally fused, must always make this poem the despair of translators.

Herrick, who of course has an elegy on a sparrow of his own, tries to cap his prototype, not very successfully, thus:—

Had Lesbia, too too kind, but known
This sparrow, she had scorn'd her own,
And for this dead, which under lies,
Wept out her heart as well as eyes !

INVITATION TO LOVE. Page 7.

Probably no poem has been so often translated and imitated as this. Noel quotes thirty paraphrases in French, many of them excellent. Of these, the oldest, by Baïf, is perhaps the best.

Vivons, mignonne, vivons,
Et suivons
Les ébats qu'Amour nous donne,
Sans que des vieux rechignés,
Renfrognés,
Le sot babil nous étonne.

Les jours, qui viennent et vont,
Se refont ;
Le soleil mort se relève
Mais une trop longue nuit,
Las ! nous suit,
Après une clarté brève.

Tandis que nous la voyons,
Employons
Ce doux vivre, ô ma Méline !
Ça donc, mignonne, vien-t'-en,
Et me tend
Ta bouchette coraline.

Surely a charming little song. It seems to suggest its own music, like the best of Béranger's.

Crashaw translated Catullus's poem. Ben Jonson has out of it constructed two songs to Celia—the first, which occurs in his play, *The Fox*, beginning thus :—

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
 While we may, the sports of love ;
 Time will not be ours for ever :
 He at length our good will sever.
 Spend not then his gifts in vain :
 Suns that set may rise again ;
 But, if once we lose this light,
 'Tis with us perpetual night.

The poet then runs off into a track of his own, where, *pace tanti nominis* be it said, it is scarcely worth while to follow him. His imitation of the second half of the poem, which occurs among the poems of *The Forest*, is for the most part poor enough, and disfigured by a suggestion, of which Catullus never would have dreamed, that his mistress need not be afraid to kiss—for nobody is coming, and he will not tell.

Kiss me, sweet : the wary lover
 Can your favours keep and cover,
 When the common courting jay
 All your bounties will betray.
 Kiss again ! no creature comes ;
 Kiss, and score up wealthy sums,
 On my lip, &c.

—*Works*, v. viii. p. 264, Gifford's Ed.

Carew has expanded the idea of the first half of Catullus's poem into the following graceful lines:—

Oh love me then, and now begin it,
 Let me not lose the present minute ;
 For time and age will work that wrack
 Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
 The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
 And eagles change their aged plumes ;
 The faded rose each spring receives
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves ;
 But if your beauties once decay,
 You never know a second May.
 Oh, then, be wise, and whilst your season
 Affords you days for sport, do reason ;
 Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
 But crop in time your beauty's flower,
 Which will away, and doth together
 Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

And Herrick has caught up the latter part of Catullus's strain very happily in the following lines :—

Ah, my Anthea, must my heart still break ?
 Love makes me write what shame forbids to speak.
 Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a score,
 Then to that twenty add a hundred more—
 A thousand to that hundred—so kiss on
 To make that thousand up a million ;
 Treble that million, and when that is done,
 Let's kiss afresh as when we first begun !

In his beautiful address *To Corinna going a-Maying*, Herrick treats the main theme of the poem in his own best manner.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun ;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
 All love, all liking, all delight,
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but delaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying !

Drummond is peculiarly graceful and tender in his little poem called *Kisses Desired*, where, if there be less passion than in Catullus, there seems to be a finer appreciation of the favour he solicits.

Though I with strange desire
To kiss those rosy lips am set on fire,
Yet will I cease to crave
Sweet touches in such store,
As he who long before
From Lesbia them in thousands did receive.

Heart mine, but once me kiss,
 And I by that sweet bliss
 Even swear to cease to importune you more.
 Poor one no number is ;
 Another word of me ye shall not hear
 After one kiss, but still one kiss, one, dear !

*So envy shall not mar our blisses
 By numbering up our tale of kisses.—p. 8.*

The allusion here is to the superstition cherished by the Romans, and still surviving in many parts of the world, that things of which the number was not ascertained were exempt from the influence of magic, or beyond the reach of mischance. Thus, according to the French proverb—*Brebis comptés, le loup les mange*. The Romans carried this superstition so far, that, in storing their wine, they wrote on the first jar "many," that being indefinite, instead of "one." The same superstition is referred to in the last lines of the verses "To Lesbia Kind," p. 11, *ante*.

ON QUINCTIA AND LESBIA. Page 9.

From this poem we are led to infer that Lesbia possessed that undefinable charm of grace which surrounds a woman with an atmosphere of fascination. Goethe has painted it, as in contrast with mere beauty of contour and complexion, in the lines—

*Die Schönheit bleibt sich selber selig,
Die Anmuth macht unwiderstehlich,
Wie Helena.*

Beauty self-pleased, self-wrapt, doth sit,
But Grace draws all men after it,
Like Helena.

—Second part of *Faust*, act ii.

In this "strong toil of grace" Catullus was caught, like Antony, by his equally fascinating and equally unscrupulous mistress.

The idea of the concluding lines of this poem, that Lesbia embodied in herself all the charms of all the fairest of her sex, is worked up with great beauty in one of Goethe's poems of the series, *Antiker Form sich nähernd*:—

*Was bedenklich Natur sonst unter Viele vertheilet
Gab sie mit reichlicher Hand Alles der Einzigen, ihr.
Und die so herrlich Begabte, von vielen so innig
Vehrte,
Gab ein liebend Geschick freundlich dem Glücklichen,
mir.*

All the divine perfections, which, whilere,
Nature in thrift doled out to many a fair,
She showered with liberal hand, thou peerless one, on
thee ;

And she that was so wondrously endowed,
To whom a thousand noble knees were bowed,
Gave all, love's perfect gift, her peerless self, to me.

This is very beautiful. The lover here, as in Catullus's case, is triumphant. But it is scarcely, perhaps, so beautiful as Dante's portrait of the mistress he could not win, in the canzonet beginning—

Io miro i crespi e gli biondi capegli—

which winds up in much the same strain.

Nessuna mai non piacque
 Generalmente, quanto fa costei,
 Perchè si trova in lei
 Beltà di corpo, e d' anima bontate ;
 Fuorchè le manca un poco di pietate.

Since beauty first upon this mortal round
 Revealed her gracious light, there was not found
 So fair, unparagoned a creature yet ;
 For blent in her are met
 A perfect body and a mind as fair,
 Save that some grains of pity wanting are.

Ariosto works out the same theme with characteristic ardour and grace in the following sonnet :—

When first those golden tresses met my view,
 Those sweetest eyes, the roses fragrant warm
 Of thy red lips, and every other charm,
 That me hath made idolatrous of you,
 Lady, oh then, methought, the loveliness
 Thou took'st from heaven was such, that never
 more
 Might rarer beauty come these eyes before,
 For surely none could more supremely bless.

But, since, thy mind hath poured on mine its light
 Serene and clear, and in my breast it well
 Might hold o'er all charms else triumphant place.
 Which is most dear, I may not judge aright ;
 But this I know, that never yet did dwell
 A soul so fair in form of so much grace.

The same idea was never more exquisitely expressed than in Ferdinand's address to Miranda (*Tempest*, act iii. sc. 1) :—

Full many a lady
 I've eyed with best regard ; and many a time
 The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear ; for several virtues
 Have I liked several women ; never any
 With so full soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
 And put it to the foil. But you, oh you,
 So perfect and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best !

TO LESBIA KIND. Page 10.

This poem, like its predecessors, has found innumerable imitators. Everybody, probably, has been poet enough, at some time in his life, under a similar inspiration, to sympathise with the fine frenzy of Catullus.

Musicam docet amor atque poesin.

But lines glowing with such pure white heat of pas-

sion are not to be reproduced. Catullus has not only said all that is to be said in the circumstances, but said it so perfectly as to leave the subject exhausted. Other poets have done little else than reproduce him. Martial strikes the same chord not unsuccessfully in the following poem (B. II. Ep. 34) :—

*Basia da nobis, Diadumene, pressa! Quot?
Inquis, &c.*

On my lips thy kisses rain,
Darling, darling Julia mine!
Dost thou ask how many? Vain,
Worse than vain, that wish of thine.

I the waves might sooner tell,
When the stormy ocean roars,
Sooner number every shell
Heaped on the Ægean's shores;

Count each vagrant bee that sips
Sweets on Hybla's mountain side,
Count the people's hands and lips
Hailing Cæsar far and wide.

All that Lesbia's bard could lure
I would scorn. Howe'er he sue,
He who kisses counts, be sure,
Will be satisfied with few.

That witty and plain-speaking gentleman, Sir Hanbury Williams, has imitated this poem of Martial's

very cleverly, throwing in a hint or two from Catullus by the way. His verses profess to be *On Lady Ilchester asking Lord Ilchester how many Kisses he would have*, and to be written to the tune of *Dear Colin, prevent my warm Blushes*. We do not sing such glowing songs in these days, nor make the little endearments of "ladies of quality" the pegs to hang popular ballads upon.

Dear Betty, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl e'er gave :
But why, in the midst of our blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure ;
Then, prithee, dear Betty, be kind,
For, as I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll not be confined.

Count the bees that on Hybla are straying,
Count the flowers that enamel the fields,
Count the flocks that on Tempe are playing,
Or the grains that each Sicily yields ;
Count how many stars are in heaven,
Go reckon the sands on the shore,
And when so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart that, dear Betty, is thine ;
In my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,
And curl round thy neck like a vine.

What joy can be greater than this is?
 My life on thy lips shall be spent;
 But those who can number their kisses,
 Will always with few be content.

*Count the grains of sand besprent
 O'er Cyrenè's spicy plain.*—p. 10.

Cyrene was a city of Libya, particularly celebrated for a plant which produced a medicinal and nutritious sap of great value, called by the Romans *laserpitium*, by the Greeks *silphion*. The kind for which Cyrene was famous had become so scarce in Pliny's time, that he mentions that only one stalk was found within his remembrance, and that this was sent to Nero.

*'Twi'x old Battus' monument,
 And the sweltering Hammon's fane.*—p. 10.

A distance, according to Vossius, of some four hundred miles. Battus founded Cyrene. The temple of Jupiter Ammon referred to is that which is said to have been built by Bacchus, and was reckoned among the seven wonders of the world, in times when people had not been educated into ceasing to wonder at anything.

*Count the silent stars of night,
 That be ever watching, &c.*—p. 10.

Ariosto doubtless had Catullus in his mind when he wrote (*Orlando Furioso*, canto xiv.)—

*E per quanti occhi il ciel le furtive opre
Degli amatori a mezza notte scopre.*

The thought, however, is so natural, in relation to what Juliet calls "love-performing night," that it is not necessary to suppose Shakespeare to have borrowed from Catullus, when he wrote—

Now by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got.
—*Tit. Andronicus*, act iv. sc. 2.

One of Goethe's most exquisite little poems places the stars under a new aspect in the lover's eyes—wheeling majestically on their courses, untouched by sympathy with the pains or raptures of mankind.

Euch bedauer' ich, unglücksel'ge Sternen, &c.

I do not envy you, ye joyless stars,
Though fair ye be, and glorious to the sight—
The shipman's hope amidst the whelming storm,
When help from God or man there cometh none.
No ! for ye love not, nor have ever loved !
Through the broad fields of heaven the eternal hours
Lead on your circling spheres unceasingly.
How vast a journey have ye travelled o'er,
Since I, upon the bosom of my love,
Forgot all memory of night or you !

In those hours of ecstasy, that seemed like minutes, the great motions of the universe have been marking

time in a manner calculated to strike even a Romeo with awe, did he not feel for the time like a demigod in his bliss.

TO LESBIA FALSE. Page 11.

“No poet,” says W. S. Landor, “uttering his own sentiments in a soliloquy, has evinced such power in the expression of passion, in its sudden throbs and changes, as Catullus has done here.”—(*Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, p. 252.)

“Violent delights have violent ends.” Catullus, in whose eyes Lesbia had many charms, begins to discover that constancy is not one of her virtues. The lady, who had deceived her husband, was only consistent in letting her fancy stray from Catullus to “some newer lover.” But, however lightly she may have regarded his affection, he has been smitten deeply. The very earnestness with which he urges himself to cast her off, demonstrates how completely he is within her toils. He is hurt to the core, and he yearns tenderly over her, even while he declares that his heart has rejected her for ever. Horace’s famous Epode, the fifteenth, to Neæra, written under similar circumstances, beautiful as it is, is inferior to this poem, in as far as mortified vanity, rather than wounded affection, predominates in the sentiment which inspires it. That another should fill his place

is very provoking, but he sees his consolation at hand.

Quæret iratus parem.

Another maid as fair shall ease his pain.

And as for his rival, *his* turn will come anon. Another will in time usurp the usurper's place, and then Horace will be happy.

*Eheu! translatos alio mærebit amores,
Ast ego vicissim risero!*

Thy heart shall ache, when, this brief fancy o'er,
She seeks a new love, and I calmly smile.

A man is never much hurt who can write in this style. Catullus thinks only of his love. He will not believe that Lesbia is not at heart as fond of himself as he is of her. He will part from her for ever—and this shall be her punishment. Who will love her then—who, at least, love her like him? She will call him back to her arms. But he will be adamant. How he kept his resolution the succeeding poems show.

Ay, who will give thee kiss for kiss?

Whose lip wilt thou in rapture bite?—p. 12.

Charles Lamb somewhere talks of "lovers' kisses that bite." The Roman poets are full of allusions to this fierce tenderness. Everybody remembers Horace's

*sive puer furens
Impressit memore dente labris notam.*

—*Odes*, I. xiii.

Or where, in trance of fierce delight
 Upon thy lips the frenzied boy
 Has left the records of his joy.

The Elizabethan poets and dramatists, intense in everything, followed the Romans in this particular.

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 That hurts and is desired,

says Cleopatra, in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v. sc. 2. Marston, in his rough, vigorous way, almost translates this passage of Catullus, where Zuccone, casting off his wife Zoya, says to her—

“Ha, thou ungrateful, immodest, unwise, and one, that God's my witness, I ha' loved! But go thy way: twist with whom thou wilt; for my part, thou hast spun a fair thread. Who'll kiss thee now? Who'll court thee? Who'll ha' thee now?”—*Parasitaster*; or, *The Fawn*, act iv.

ON LESBIA'S INCONSTANCY. Page 13.

The protestation of the lady, that she would prefer her lover to Jove, seems to have become a kind of common form in Roman poetry. Ovid uses it more than once. For example (*Metam.*, Book vii.):—

Nec Jovis illa meo thalamos præferret à mori.

Not Jove's embrace would she prefer to mine.

And again, in the epistle of Phædra to Hippolytus—

*Si mihi concedat Jūno fratremque virumque,
Hippolytum videor præpositura Jovi.*

And now should Juno yield her Jove to me,
I'd quit that love, Hippolytus, for thee.—OTWAY.

The purity was too sublime for belief, which could withstand the advances of the sire of gods and men. Dryden, in his *Tyrannic Love*, act ii., works up his praises of his heroine thus:—

E'en Jove would try new shapes her love to win,
And in new birds and unknown beasts would sin.

Potentates of much inferior degree were, at no very distant date, thought, even among ourselves, to be equally irresistible. With what disgust would an audience of the present time receive such a sentiment as that which Sir John Suckling puts into the mouth of one of his characters!—

Oh, Fidelio! when kings do tempt,
They'd need be angels that withstand the shock,
Not women.

The *nimbus* of divinity in which kings masqueraded in the olden time has evaporated. Semele can look on Jove nowadays, and not be utterly consumed.

The idea of this poem has been gracefully expanded by Montemayor in some verses, of which the follow-

ing, quoted in the notes of Bohn's edition of Catullus (London, 1854), is an admirable paraphrase :—

One eve of beauty, when the sun
 Was on the waves of Guadalquivir,
 To gold converting one by one
 The ripples of the mighty river,
 Beside me on the bank was seated
 A Seville girl, with auburn hair,
 And eyes that might the world have cheated—
 A wild, bright, wicked diamond pair.

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,
 Just as the living sun was going,
 With such a soft, small, shining hand,
 You would have sworn 'twas silver flowing ;
 Three words she wrote, and not one more :
 What could Diana's motto be ?
 The syren wrote upon the shore—
 " Death, not inconstancy ! "

And then her two large languid eyes
 So turned on mine, that, devil take me,
 I set the air on fire with sighs,
 And was the fool she chose to make me.
 Saint Francis would have been deceived
 By such an eye, and such a hand :
 But one week more, and I believed
 As much the woman as the sand.

Catullus had obviously too much cause to write of

Lesbia as he does in the poem which has led to this note; but he was still hanging in her toils, content to "dote, yet doubt; suspect, yet strongly love."

ON LESBIA. Page 14.

This poem was probably written when Lesbia's conduct had given rise to scandals, which Catullus might have wished to conceal. Even he, however, soon found that concealment was impossible. These lines are full of feeling.

THE IDOL SHATTERED. Page 15.

This poem marks a further stage in the downward course of Lesbia. Catullus is disenchanted. He is no longer her worshipper, although the terrible fascination of her beauty is still strong upon him. The ideal charm is dissolved; but the earthly passion still burns, and burns, as he tells us, all the more fiercely that he knows her to be a wanton. As Heyse has happily rendered the startling statement, which, we may be sure, was no exaggeration—

Höher entbrennt die Begier, aber die Liebe erlischt.

The readers of Manon Lescaut, that prototype of so many heroines of modern French romance, who have all her frailty, but little of her charm, will re-

member what her lover says, under circumstances similar to those of Catullus—

“ Il continuait toujours de m’apporter les raisons qui pouvaient me ramener au bon sens, et m’inspirer du mépris pour l’infidèle Manon. Il est certain, que je ne l’estimais plus ; comment aurai-je estimé la plus volage et la plus perfide de toutes les créatures ? Mais son image, les traits charmants que je portais au fond du cœur, y subsistaient toujours : je me sentais bien. Je puis mourir, disais-je, je le devrais même après tant de honte et de douleur ; mais je souffrirai mille morts sans pouvoir oublier l’ingrate Manon.”

LOVE THAT IS MERELY A MADNESS. Page 16.

“Here,” says Landor, “are eight verses, the rhythm of which plunges from the ears into the heart. Our attempt to render them in English is feeble and vain.” If *he* had to make this admission, who may hope to succeed ? But his version will always be dear to the lovers of Catullus. Here it is :—

None could ever say that she,
 Lesbia ! was so loved by me.
 Never, all the world around,
 Faith so true as mine was found :
 If no longer it endures
 (Would it did !) the fault is yours.

I can never think again
 Well of you : I try in vain :
 But . . . be false . . . do what you will . . .
 Lesbia ! I must love you still.

We see by this poem that Catullus has found it impossible to break away from his enchantress. He wilfully blinds himself to her faults, content to be reinstated for the moment in her favour. Martial (Book viii. Ep. 53) expresses a conflict of emotions similar to that under which this poem has been written.

*Formosissima quæ fuere vel sunt,
 Sed vilissima quæ fuere vel sunt,
 O quam te fieri, Catulla, vellem
 Formosam minus, aut magis pudicam !*

Of all that e'er have been or be,
 Thou loveliest, most debased,
 Oh, would some power might render thee
 Less lovely or more chaste !

Contrast with this the tenderness and passion of Dante's sonnet beginning,

Io son sì vago della bella luce,

obviously addressed to some coquettish beauty, who charmed his senses rather than his soul.

So charmed am I with the bewitching light
 Of the false traitor eyes, that me have slain,
 That I return again, and yet again,
 To meet new death and fresh-envenomed slight ;

And their sweet radiance dazzles so my sight,
 That I am all bewildered, heart and brain,
 And leaving reason, virtue, then am fain
 Desire alone to follow, as I might.
 So sweetly rapt in trustfulness serene,
 To winning death he leads my steps along,
 Nor breaks my dream till I am stricken through ;
 Then deeply I lament the scornful wrong,
 But more I grieve, alas ! that Pity's seen
 In me defrauded of her guerdon due.

SIGNS OF LOVE. Page 17.

Swift has translated this epigram as follows :—

Lesbia for ever on me rails,
 To talk of me she never fails.
 Now, hang me, but for all her art,
 I find that I have gained her heart.
 My proof is this : I plainly see
 The case is just the same with me ;
 I curse her every hour sincerely,
 Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

It has also been happily imitated by Bussy de Rabutin in the following epigram :—

*Phillis dit le diable de moi ;
 De son amour et de son foi
 C'est une preuve assez nouvelle:
 Ce qui me fait croire pourtant,*

*Qu'elle m'aime effectivement,
C'est qui je dis le diable d'elle,
Et que je l'aime éperdument.*

Phillis pounds me with abuse,
Oh, her tongue's the very deuce !
'Tis the way—quite new you'll own—
Her regard and truth are shown.
Yet what makes me think, that she
Is at heart in love with me,
Is that with abuse I pound her,
Yet adore her still,—confound her !

In a scene between Dorimant and Young Bellair (in Sir George Etherege's *Man of Mode*, act iv. sc. 2) the same idea is pleasantly worked out.

Young Bellair. I am confident she loves you.

Dor. How does it appear ?

Young Bell. Why, she's never well but when she's talking of you, but then she finds all the faults in you she can. She laughs at all who commend you, but then she speaks ill of all who do not.

Dor. Women of her temper betray themselves by their over-cunning. I had once a growing love with a lady who would always quarrel with me when I came to see her, and yet was never quiet if I stayed a day from her.

The verses by Catullus, *How Lovers Hate* (p. 145, *ante*), turn upon the same established principle.

TO FURIUS AND AURELIUS. Page 18.

Horace seems to have had the opening of this poem in view when he wrote the beautiful address to his friend Septimius (Book ii. 6), beginning

*Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, et
Cantabras indoctas juga ferre nostra, et
Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
Æstuat unda.*

Septimius, thou who wouldst, I know,
With me to distant Gades go,
And visit the Cantabrian fell,
Whom all our triumphs cannot quell,
And even the sands barbarian brave,
Where ceaseless seethes the Moorish wave.

What in Horace is a charming and appropriate prelude to the rest of the poem, seems in Catullus rather out of harmony with the object and conclusion of his address to his friends. After assuring them of his belief that they were ready to brave all perils by land and sea for his sake, it is surely an impotent conclusion to ask them, as a crowning proof of friendship, to bear such a message to his mistress. Unless, indeed, we are to assume him to have known that Lesbia's reception of his messengers would be likely to daunt the boldest spirit. "Hell holds no fury like a woman scorned;" and not even the beauty of the

poem was likely to reconcile Lesbia to the bitterness of its sarcasm.

*Even as some little wilding flower,
That on the meadow's border blushed,
Is by the passing ploughshare crushed.*—p. 19.

The delicacy of the original is exquisite :—

*cecidit, velut prati
Ultimi flos, prætereunte postquam
Tactus aratro est.*

How admirable here is the suggestion in the word “*tactus*” of the contrast between the fragile flower and the weight and force of the plough, the mere touch of which is fatal to it! And again, what significance in the words “*ultimi prati*”—the end of the meadow, next the furrow, not separated from it by any fence. Lamb hits this point in his version, which in other respects is not satisfactory :—

As droops the flower, the meadow's pride,
Which springing by the furrow's side,
The passing share has grazed.

The image, a natural and beautiful one, has been borrowed from Catullus by Virgil (*Æneid*, B. ix. v. 435) :—

*Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens.*

The purple flow'ret, by the ploughshare torn,
So droops and dies.

And by Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, canto xviii.):—

*Come purpureo fior languendo muore,
Che' l vomere al passar tagliato lassa.*

But there is a freshness and grace in Catullus which neither of his imitators has caught.

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE. Page 20.

Catullus, tortured with passion for one whom he cannot forget, and whom he cannot hope to regain, finds her unexpectedly once more within his arms.

Perfida, sed quamvis perfida, cara tamen.

False as thou art, I love thee, false one, still.

In the transport of the moment he forgets what cause he had to dread her heartless fascination.

TRANSPORT. Page 21.

This poem would seem to have been written during the period of reconciliation to which the previous poem refers. The wish it expresses, though initiated by the lady, while obviously mere rhapsody with her, was echoed from the depths of the poet's soul. The lines vibrate with feeling.

LOVE'S UNREASON. Page 22.

Moore, in his notes to Anacreon, has translated this epigram thus :—

I love thee, and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die !
I can feel it, alas ! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

W. S. Landor has also tried his hand upon it with great success :—

I love and hate. Ah ! never ask why so !
I hate and love—and that is all I know.
I see 'tis folly, but I feel 'tis woe.

“ Catullus,” says Fenelon, referring to this poem, “ is perfection itself in impassioned simplicity. *Odi et amo, &c.* Compare him here with Ovid and Martial ; how far inferior are their ingenious and artificial points to these unadorned words, in which the suffering heart talks alone with itself in an access of despair ! ”

Commentators have found in these lines the suggestion of Martial's epigram—

*Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare ;
Hoc tantum possum dicere : non amo te.*

Which is the original of our own “ I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,” &c. But surely there is no affinity be-

tween these two epigrams. Catullus speaks of mingled love and hate, both intense, which torture him with conflicting emotions; Martial of a simple dislike, of which, strong though it be, he is unable to define the cause.

REMORSE. Page 22.

This is apparently the last of the poems of which Lesbia is the theme. Catullus had to pay the penalty which all must pay who fix their affections on such "weeds of glorious feature" as Lesbia. Loving her as he did, what must he not have suffered as she sank deeper and deeper in the mire of profligacy, till she became what he has described her in the untranslatable lines beginning *Cæli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa!* Fallen and degraded as she was, he cannot think of her without tenderness trembling into tears. How different the feeling of this and other poems from that of Horace in his Ode to Lydia (Book i. 25), and to Lyce (Book iv. 13), where the poet seems to find satisfaction in the faded charms and personal degradation of his former mistress! Catullus loved, and Horace only fancied he did. The one felt intensely, and the other had no conception of the truth, that

love is not love
Which alters where it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

In reading these passionate regrets of Catullus, we are reminded of the lines in which Shakespeare gives vent to somewhat similar emotion (Sonnet cxix.):—

What potions have I drunk of siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within ;
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing, when I saw myself to win !

What Hallam has said of Shakespeare might be justly applied to the state of mind in which Catullus wrote many of the poems. "There seems to have been a period of Shakespeare's life when his heart was ill at ease and ill-content with the world or his own conscience;" penetrated by "the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with unworthy associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches."—*Introduction to Literature of Europe*, iii. 85; ed. 1854.

DEDICATION OF HIS PINNACE. Page 24.

This poem accompanies the consecration to Castor and Pollux, the patron gods of mariners, of the yacht in which Catullus had returned home from Bithynia. St Paul (*Acts of the Apostles*, xxviii. 11) sailed from

the island of Melita to Syracuse "in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered in the isle, whose sign was Castor and Pollux." The voyage of Catullus was a perilous one. He appears to have been peculiarly fortunate, and might well decline to imperil once more a bark that had borne him so bravely on a voyage where many a larger vessel had been wrecked. The course of the voyage is described (verses 6-10) in inverted order. Passing from the Euxine through the Sea of Marmora, then coasting Thrace, he sailed through the Archipelago, and up the Adriatic, from which, by one of the numerous branches of the Po, he reached Lake Benacus, now the Lago di Garda, and landed on the peninsula of Sirmio.

Herrick obviously had this poem in view when he wrote his lines, *The Plaudite, or End of Life*.

If, after rude and boisterous seas,
My wearied pinnace here finds ease,—
If so it be I've gained the shore
With safety of a faithful oar,—
If having run my bark on ground,
Ye see the aged vessel crowned,—
What's to be done, but on the sands
Ye dance and sing, and now clap hands?
The first act's doubtful, but we say,
It is the last commends the play.

This dedication has been imitated nearly as often as the most favourite of the poems to Lesbia.

*To thee, Amastris, on thy rocks,
To thee, Cytorus, clad with box.*—p. 25.

Amastris, now called Famastro, was a city of Paphlagonia. In the days of Trajan it was a fine city, with noble buildings and a large and handsome piazza (*platea*). Pliny, writing to the Emperor (*Epis.*, x. 99), asks his permission to cover over what was called a river, but was in fact a pestilential drain, that ran along the entire side of this piazza; a permission which the Emperor instantly granted. The work was doubtless done promptly and efficiently. It is only emperors, apparently, who can get these things done.

Cytorus was a town on the coast of the Euxine, between Amastris and Cape Corambis. The mountains behind it were covered with box-trees. Virgil says of it (*Georg.*, ii. 437)—

Et juvat undantem buxo spectare Cytorum.

'Tis sweet to view Cytorus wave with box.

Evelyn calls Box Hill in Surrey "the Cytorus of England."

Twin Castor, and thy brother twin!—p. 26.

Castor and Pollux, called the Dioscuri (sons of Jove), accompanied Theseus on the Argonautic expedition. During a storm a lambent light was observed to play round their heads, and immediately afterwards the storm subsided. When they died, they were sup-

posed to have become stars (the Gemini), the appearance of which was deemed propitious to seamen. Horace invokes their protection for Virgil in his voyage to Greece :—

*Sic te diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera, &c.*

—Ode i. 3.

May the great goddess queen of Cyprus' isle,
And Helen's brothers, those twin cressets fair,
And he that rules the winds, propitious smile,
Charming them all, save zephyr, in their lair.

And again (Book i. Ode 12) :—

*quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,
Defluit saxis agitatus humor,
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,
Et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
Unda recumbit.*

Soon as whose kindly star
Upon the shipman gleams amidst the tempest's war,
Down from the rocks the weltering surges fall,
The winds in zephyrs creep,
Back from the sky is rolled its cloudy pall,
And far along the deep
The threatening waves—for so they will—are lulled to
sleep.

The St Elmo's fire was ascribed to them.

TO VERANNIUS. Page 29.

Of this Verannius nothing is known beyond the fact that he had followed Cnæius Calpurnius Piso into Spain, whither he had gone with prætorian power. (See poem *To Verannius and Fabullus*, p. 51, *ante*.) Catullus was as warm in his friendship as in his love—a characteristic not by any means common. The sincerity of feeling which prompted this and other poems to his friends speaks in accents not to be mistaken.

“Nothing,” says W. S. Landor, “was ever livelier or more cordial than the welcome here given to Verannius on his return from Spain. It is comprised in eleven verses. Our poets, on such an occasion, would have spread out a larger table-cloth, with a less exquisite dessert upon it.”

CONCERNING VARUS' MISTRESS. Page 30.

This sketch of a Roman interior is very graphic and amusing, and throws little side-lights upon the jaunty, careless character of Catullus. Matter-of-fact people, who construe every casual word as though it were uttered upon oath—bores

Per quos non licet esse negligentem,

are always insufferable; but when they come in the

shape of a simpering piece of inanity, like this friend of Varus, a temper even more patient than that of Catullus must break down before them. Litter-bearers from Bithynia were the last new fashion in Rome, and the lady had no doubt improvised her desire to pay her devotions at the Serapium in the hope of making a conspicuous figure on the way.

The prætor in whose suite Catullus had gone to Bithynia was C. Memmius Gemellus, the same to whom Lucretius dedicated his great poem. He was a man of great ability and culture, and of eminence both as a poet and orator. His character was notoriously profligate. At once avaricious and extravagant, it was only natural that he should keep for himself whatever plunder was to be made out of his province, and leave none of the pickings to Catullus and other hungry hangers-on. But it would seem as if others, who had gone before him, had swept the province bare. Memmius was one of Cæsar's partisans, but offended his leader by revealing a certain coalition with his opponents at the Comitia. (*Cic. ad Quint. Fr.*, ii. 15, *ad Att.*, iv. 16, 18.) Having been accused and convicted of bribery, he was banished, and withdrew from Rome to Mytilene, where he was living in the year of Cicero's proconsulate. Three of Cicero's letters (*ad Fam.*, 1-3) are addressed to him.

TO MARRUCINUS ASINIUS. Page 33.

As the Romans ate with their fingers, the practical joke of stealing the guests' napkins during the repast must have been an intolerable nuisance. Probably it was not attempted until eating had ceased, and hard drinking had set in. It seems to have been the practice for the guests to carry their napkins with them when they dined out. Such a larceny as Catullus complains of would scarcely have been practised on him in his own house. It is conjectured that the delinquent's brother, to whom allusion is made, was the famous Asinius Pollio, Virgil's friend, the general, statesman, and poet, to whom Horace addressed his fine Ode, the first of the Second Book.

INVITATION TO DINNER. Page 34.

Horace (Book iv. Ode 12), invites his friend Virgil—not the poet, who had died six years before the Fourth Book of Odes appeared—to dinner, promising him excellent wine, on condition that Virgil supplies the perfumes.

Martial has an amusing epigram on the occasion of a dinner which appears to have been just such as Catullus promised to his friend.

Unguentum, fateor, bonum dedisti

Convivis here, sed nihil scidisti :

Res salsa est bene olere et esurire :

Qui non cœnat, et ungitur, Fabulle,

Is vere mihi mortuus videtur.—MARTIAL, iii. 12.

The perfumes at your board last night
 Were exquisite, I won't deny it,
 But we were starved, we were, outright;
 For meat, we could nohow come by it.

The height of farce it is, I ween,
 To be so perfumed and anointed,
 And when one's appetite's most keen,
 To have it thus most disappointed.

'Tis only dead men who are doomed,
 Fabullus, thou exceeding sinner,
 To be so essenced and perfumed,
 And fobbed off with this show of dinner.

Alluding to the profuse employment of perfumes at the Roman funerals.

It is not easy to understand the high estimate which the Romans set upon the pleasures of the nose. Some of them apparently ranked them with those of the palate, the highest compliment such voluptuaries could pay them. This is well illustrated by an Epigram of Martial, xiii. 126 :—

*Unguenta hæredi nunquam, nec vina relinquo,
 Ille habeat nummos; hæc tibi tota dato.*

Thy perfumes leave not to thine heir, nor let him have thy wine :

Thy money he may have ; but these should every drop be thine.

Substitute cigars for perfumes ; and the voluptuaries of modern Europe will echo the sentiment.

The following anonymous version of Catullus's poem is too good to be lost in the columns of a newspaper, where we found it :—

My dear Fabullus, thou shalt sup with me,
And sup well too, if thou wilt bring with thee
Some well-cooked dishes for the festive board,
And the rich wine with which thy cellar's stored.
Without forgetting music, wit, and mirth.

For in Catullus' larder there's a dearth
Of all but cobwebs ; but true welcome here
You'll find, or what is sweeter and more dear ;
For I will give thee unguent which the Queen
Of beauty gave my lady-love, I ween,
That, when in its sweet perfume you repose,
You'll wish that your whole body were a nose.

TO CALVUS. Page 35.

Cornelius Licinius Macer Calvus, to whom these playful lines were addressed, was himself a lyric poet of celebrity, and is commonly placed side by side with Catullus himself. His reputation as an orator was not less eminent. He ranked with Cæsar, Brutus, Pollio, and Messala, and was by some thought to dispute the palm with Cicero himself. He was born 28th May, B.C. 82, about five years after Catullus. Like him, he died young, being only thirty-five or thirty-six when

he was cut off. He left behind him twenty-one orations, the very names of which, all but five, have been lost. His first great forensic effort was his impeachment of Vatinius, who on this occasion was defended by Cicero. Calvus was then only twenty-seven. It was a remarkable display of trenchant invective, and is frequently referred to by ancient writers in terms of high praise, as in the Dialogue *De Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ*, ascribed to Tacitus, § 34. Catullus alludes to it in another poem, p. 74, *ante*. How great must have been the impression it produced may be inferred from the fact mentioned by Seneca (*Controv.*, iii. 19), that Vatinius, while Calvus was speaking, started up and exclaimed, "*Rogo vos, iudices, num, si iste disertus est, ideo me damnari oporteat?*" "Am I, ye judges, am I to be condemned, simply because he is eloquent?" From Seneca also we learn that his manner was passionate and full of gesticulation; a peculiarity often observed in small men, such as Calvus, who was much under the usual size. Of his poems such mere fragments remain as to make it impossible for us to form an estimate of their merits. But we have every reason to believe, from the opinions of Pliny (*Ep.*, i. 16), and Aulus Gellius (xix. 9), that his lighter poems were, like those of his friend Catullus, full of feeling, wit, and grace. Like him, too, he wrote telling lampoons (*famosa epigrammata*) on Pompey, Cæsar, and their satellites; and verses which, even according to Roman notions, exceeded the bounds of decorum.

ON A STUPID HUSBAND. Page 38.

The town here addressed is variously conjectured to have been Mantua, Verona, or Como. Mantua or Verona would answer to the description; and as Catullus was born in or near one or other of these places, the fact of the loutish husband whom he has quaintly portrayed being, as he says, his townsman, points to one or other of them as the Colonia of this poem. Whichever it was, there was obviously some well-understood stroke of humour in the allusion to its rickety bridge. Whether we read the first line, with most editors, *O Colonia, quæ cupis ponte ludere longo*, or substitute "magno" for "longo" with some, it is equally clear that the town was in a state of agitation about its bridge. This being the scene of all great public festivals, the citizens had grown ashamed of the structure. They wanted a finer bridge, and, of course, many a rumour had been circulated by expectant architects as to the insecurity of its timbers. Catullus echoes the wish of the citizens for a bridge worthy of their town, on condition that the old one signalises the close of its career by having precipitated from it that favourite butt of the wags and cynics of all ages, a lethargic old man wedded to a lively young girl.

For the second translation of this poem I am indebted to my friend Dr Charles Badham.

TO THE GOD OF GARDENS. Page 43.

This fragment and the two following poems were preserved in the *Catalecta* of Virgil, but they have been ascribed to Catullus on the authority of the best critics.

*But in a wallet at our back
Do we our peccadilloes pack, &c.—p. 48.*

The allusion here is to the fable by Phædrus (*Fab.* 9, book iv.), that Jove assigned two wallets to man, one of which he slings behind him, and in it he crams his own faults; in the other he stuffs those of his neighbours, and this he hangs on his breast, so that they are always full in view.

THE MORTGAGE. Page 49.

Whether in this epigram Catullus refers to his friend's case or his own has been disputed, some critics reading "*Villula vostra*," others "*Villula nostra*." In the two versions given in the text, both readings have been rendered. The translator's opinion is in favour of the former reading. It is difficult to give an equivalent for the original, which turns upon the double meaning of the word "*opposita*," which signifies both "exposed to" and "pawned for."

TO HIS CUPBEARER. Page 50.

This is the only poem by Catullus in praise of wine ; but it has the true Bacchanalian fervour. Had he lived to be older, he would have been more cautious in his drinking, and qualified his cups with water. Abhorrent as such a mixture is from all our notions of the treatment of good wine, the Greeks and Romans were partial to it, and doubtless for excellent practical reasons. There was, besides, according to their legendary mythology, a peculiar affinity between wine and water, which formed the theme of an ingenious epigram in the Greek Anthology, imitated in Latin by Pierius Valerianus. When Semele was consumed by the effulgence of Jove, her lover, the unborn Bacchus was snatched from her womb by the Naiads, and saved in an adjoining stream.

*Ardentem ex utero Semeles lavêre Lyæum
Naiades, extincto fulminis igne sacri ;
Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis, at sine nymphis,
Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.*

Thus translated by Moore :—

While heavenly fire consumed his Theban dame,
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipped him burning in her purest lymph ;
Still, still he loves the sea-maid's crystal urn,
And when his native fires infuriate burn,
He bathes him in the fountain of the lymph.

It will not be out of place to introduce here the fine Bacchanalian of Master Herrick, in which he pledges the memories of Catullus and the other famous bards and amorists with whose spirit our English lyrist was so deeply imbued :—

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO TRUST TO GOOD VERSES.

* * * * *

Now reigns the Rose, and now
 The Arabian dew besmears
 My uncontrollèd brow
 And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee,
 In sack of such a kind,
 That it would make thee see,
 Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next, Virgil I'll call forth,
 To pledge this second health
 In wine, where each cup's worth
 An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I'll drink
 To Ovid ; and suppose,
 Made he the pledge, he'd think
 The world had all one nose.

Then this immense cup
 Of aromatic wine,

Catullus, I quaff up
To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat,
Oh Bacchus! cool thy rays;
Or frantic I will eat
Thy Thyrses, and bite the Bays.

Round, round, the roof does run;
And being ravished thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus! Next
I drink this flood to thee;
But stay, I see a text
That this presents to me!

Behold, Tibullus lies
Here burnt, whose small return
Of ashes scarce suffice
To fill a little urn!

Trust to good verses then;
They only will aspire,
When Pyramids, as men,
Are lost in the funeral fire.

And when all bodies meet
In Lethe, to be drowned,
Then only numbers sweet
With endless life are crowned.

The concluding verses of this graceful song have reference to the lines in Ovid's beautiful elegy on Tibullus—

*Carminibus confide bonis; jacet ecce Tibullus!
Vix manet e tanto parva quod urna capit.*

Trust in the might of glorious song! Behold,
Where lies Tibullus, crushed by timeless Fate!
And yon small urn is ample to enfold
All that remains of what was once so great.

TO VERANNIUS AND FABULLUS. Page 51.

These friends of Catullus are mentioned in the poem to Marrucinus Asinius (*ante*, p. 33) as having sent Catullus a set of table-napkins from Setabis in Spain. From another poem, addressed to Porcius and Socraton (the forty-seventh of the ordinary editions), two favourites of Piso, and hangers-on of Memmius, that especial object of Catullus's aversion, they appear to have been sadly out at elbows, dodging their friends for invitations to dinner: young fellows, no doubt, with fine spirits, fine appetites, and fine talents for idleness. Cnæius Calpurnius Piso, in whose suite they had gone to push their fortune in Spain, we know from Sallust and Cicero to have been a coarse debauchee, unscrupulous, insolent, and poor. He was sent by the Senate into Spain, as Quæstor for the Prætor, merely to get him out of the way. He

seems, to judge by this poem, not merely to have plundered the province, but his suite also.

TO SIRMIO. Page 54.

This poem appears to have been written on the return of Catullus from Bithynia in the yacht which he dedicated to Castor and Pollux (see p. 24, *ante*). On the beautiful peninsula of Sirmio was situated the poet's patrimonial country-house. This promontory, which projects into the Lacus Benacus, now the *Lago di Garda*, was about two miles in circumference. "Sirmione," says Eustace (*Classical Tour*, V. i. c. v. 8vo edit.), "appears as an island, so low and so narrow is the bank that unites it to the mainland. The promontory spreads behind the town, and rises into a hill entirely covered with olives. Catullus could not have chosen a more delightful spot. In the centre of a magnificent lake, surrounded with scenery of the greatest variety and majesty, secluded from the world, and yet beholding from his garden the villas of his Veronese friends, he might enjoy equally the pleasures of retirement and society. More convenience and more beauty are seldom united. The soil is fertile; the surface is varied—sometimes shelving in gentle declivities, at other times breaking into craggy magnificence, and thus furnishing every requisite for delightful walks and luxurious baths; while the views vary

at every turn, presenting rich coasts or barren mountains, sometimes confined to the cultivated scenes of the neighbouring shore, and at other times bewildered and lost in the windings of the lake or the recesses of the Alps." The ruins of a large villa may still be traced. In 1797, Napoleon, then Commander-in-Chief of the army of Italy, when on his way from Milan to Perseriano to sign the treaty of Campo Formio, turned aside to visit the spot. Two years afterwards, during the siege of Peschiera, which is about eight miles from the ruins, the French General-in-Chief, Lacombe Saint Michel, caused the site to be surveyed, and a ground-plan to be made of the remains, which is reproduced in the Notes to M. Noel's Catullus. From this survey the length of the structure from north to south appeared to be about seven hundred feet, and its breadth upwards of three hundred. Catullus must have been a rich man to be the owner of such a mansion. In true French fashion, General Lacombe Saint Michel, during the siege of Peschiera, gave a *fête* on the spot in honour of Catullus, at which, says his chronicler (*Henin, Journal Historique des Opérations Militaires du Siège de Peschiera*), the general and the poet Anelli, a local bard of some celebrity, "récitèrent et chantèrent tour-à-tour des pièces de vers de leur composition, qui avaient le mérite d'être inspirées par ces lieux riches de poétiques souvenirs." We may judge of the style of sentiment which prevailed by the first toast:—

“A Catulle, habitant de Sermione, le plus élégant des poètes latins, dont les productions respirent la grâce et l'enjouement.”

From this we can see very clearly, that all the *convives* knew of Catullus might have been comprised in a very moderate compass.

The natural emotion and perfect expression of this address to Sirmio fix it in the memory at once and for ever. No poem of antiquity is more often remembered or more often quoted. None has been more often tortured in translations. In the version contained in *The Adventures of Catullus and History of his Amours with Lesbia* (London, 1707), the concluding lines are thus rendered :—

Rejoice, ye waters of the Lake de Gard,
And let an universal mirth be heard;
Laugh, till your stock of laughter's wholly spent,
And your whole magazine of merriment.

This is in the recognised manner of the “eminent hand” of the period. The poor knave, however, knew how to construe his author more correctly than some of his more graceful successors. The “*ridete quicquid est domi cachinnorum*,” is correctly given as to its meaning, which is, “smile your whole stock [all you have in store] of smiles.” The later translators make “cachinnorum” govern “domi.” Thus Elton—

Brighten in joy! And each remembered thing,
That laughs of home, shall smile my welcoming.

Which is altogether untrue to the construction and the feeling. Moore is rather worse :—

Rejoice, rejoice, let all that laughs
Abroad, at home, laugh out for me.

Leigh Hunt is truer to the feeling, but fritters the original into simpering prettiness :—

Joy, my bright waters, joy : your master's come !
Laugh every dimple on the cheek of home,

The idea of the smile of home has been introduced into the present translator's version, as a pleasing and natural one. But the last line would be more correctly rendered thus :—

Rejoice ; and all home's wealth of smiles awake !

W. S. Landor concludes his remarks on this poem thus : “ Catullus here calls upon Sirmio to rejoice on his return, and he invites the waves of the lake to laugh. Whoever has seen this beautiful expanse of water, under its bright sun and gentle breezes, will understand the poet's expression ; he will have seen the waves laugh and dance. Catullus, no doubt, wrote—

Gaudete vosque ludicæ lacis undæ—

Ye revellers and dancers of the lake.

If there were the word ‘ ludiūs,’ which we know there was, there must also have been ‘ ludia.’” In the text, Landor's reading has been followed.

INVITATION TO CÆCILIUS. Page 57.

Nothing is known of this Cæcilius, nor of his poem to the Mighty Mother, which completed his conquest over his mistress's heart. It is more than probable that Swift had this poem in his mind when he wrote the following lines of his *Cadenus and Vanessa* :—

Cadenus many things had writ :
Vanessa much esteemed his wit,
And called for his poetic works :
Meantime the boy in secret lurks,
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierced the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increased her smart.

The New Comum and the Larian Lake alluded to are the town and lake of Como.

TO CORNIFICIUS. Page 61.

Who the Cornificius was to whom this charming little poem is addressed, is uncertain. There were several of the name, contemporaries of Catullus. Most probably this was the person mentioned by Ovid (*Trist.*, ii. 436) as a poet, and also by Macrobius, who has preserved an hexameter line and a half of a poem by him, entitled "Glaucus." This is one of the poems which Leigh Hunt has translated. His version is as follows :—

Sick, Cornificius, is thy friend,
 Sick to the heart ; and sees no end
 Of wretched thoughts, that, gathering fast,
 Threaten to wear him out at last.
 And yet you never come and bring—
 Though 'twere the least and easiest thing—
 A comfort in that talk of thine :—
 You vex me : this to love like mine?
 Prithee, a little talk, for ease,
 Full as the tears of sad Simonides.

In this version the touching brevity and pathos of the original seems in a great measure to have escaped. It is doubtful, too, whether the word "allocutio" in the original is correctly interpreted by "talk of thine." Catullus would scarcely request his friend to come and talk to him in a vein "*Mæstius lacrimis Simoni-*

deis," though he might very well ask a brother poet to send him some verses, which he pays him the compliment of supposing might bear comparison in pathos with

Some simple tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides.

In the same spirit Manlius made a similar request to Catullus himself, as we see from the poem p. 131, *ante*.

TO THE MISTRESS OF FORMIANUS. Page 63.

The Formianus of this and other poems of Catullus is Mamurra, who was born at Formiæ, and had a country seat there. This Mamurra, a friend of Cæsar's, whose commander of engineers (*præfectus fabrum*) he had been in Gaul, was notorious for his wealth and extravagance, and, if we are to believe Catullus and others, for many shameless vices. He was the first person at Rome, according to Pliny, who covered the walls of his house with layers of marble, and introduced solid pillars of the same material into its structure. The epithet *decoctor* employed by Catullus implies that, by his excesses, Mamurra had brought himself to the verge of bankruptcy. This tallies with what seems to form the point in the epigram, translated at page 156, *ante*, that, notwithstanding his fine estate, he was drowned in pecuniary diffi-

culties. Horace calls Formiæ *Mamurrarum urbs*, (*Sat.*, I. v. 37); and from the manner in which he applies the epithet, we may infer that Mamurra was then alive, and that the name had become a by-word of contempt.

From the qualities which Catullus charges Mamurra's mistress with wanting, we gather what were considered points of beauty in Rome among his circle—a full-sized nose, handsome foot, black eyes, and long taper fingers; all of which she had not, and which we may fairly conclude that Lesbia had.

TO HIS FARM. Page 64.

Why Catullus should have been so anxious to have his farm regarded as within the Tiburtine territory, has been a fertile subject of unprofitable conjecture. It might have been because Tibur was more fashionable, or, as has been suggested, because it did not pay certain taxes to which the Sabine territory was liable. How charming the whole district is, despite the decay into which it has fallen, is well known, and its praises will always be fresh in the verses of Horace, who thought it the most delightful spot in all the world.

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet.*—*Od.* 6, Book II.

This poem of Catullus is a pleasant piece of exag-

geration. The Sextiani are a race that will never die out. Who has not suffered by them? Swift, very much in the vein of Catullus, has described the effects of a dreary poem upon himself.

The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts
Went down like stupefying draughts.
I found my head began to swim ;
A numbness crept through every limb.

The notion of Catullus, that his host's orations were as bad as an attack of influenza, and demanded emollients and perfect repose to repair their consequences, is very amusing. It is quite in the spirit of Beatrice's gibe at Benedick : " O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease ; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio ! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured."

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS. Page 66.

Cowley has translated this poem, and badly. He has added conceits of his own, which are wholly out of place. The original is in all points so perfect, that to add or alter is a heresy which involves certain disgrace. It is singular that so graceful a scholar should have wandered so far from Catullus as to write thus :—

The god of love, who stood to hear him
 (The god of love was always near him),
 Pleased and tickled with the sound,
 Sneezed aloud, and all around
 The little loves that waited by,
 Bowed and blessed the augury.
 Acme, inflamed with what he said,
 Reared her gentle-bending head,
 And her purple mouth with joy,
 Stretching to the delicious boy,
 Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
 She kissed his drunk and rolling eyes.

Turn from this to Catullus.

*Hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinister ante,
 Dextram sternuit approbationem.
 At Acme leviter caput reflectens,
 Et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
 Illo purpureo ore suaviata,
 Sic, inquit, &c.*

None of the translators have caught the infinite grace, harmony, and spirit of these lines, but, of them all, none have so travestied the original as Cowley. It is strange that Lamb, Elton, and Leigh Hunt, who have all translated the poem, should have missed some of its subtlest touches. As, for example, where they convert the lines

*Uno in Septimio fidelis Acme
 Facit delicias, libidinesque*

into such vague commonplace as—

And from Septimius only flows
The bliss that faithful Acme knows.—LAMB.

Acme centres in her boy
All her longings, all her joy.—ELTON.

And she, in her enamoured boy,
Finds all that she can frame of joy.—HUNT.

It is unnecessary to point out how much is suggested by Catullus of which these versions give no hint.

FAREWELL TO BITHYNIA. Page 68.

The breath of spring seems to exhale from this poem. Wordsworth might have written it. How beautiful, too, is the misgiving at the close, as to what might be awaiting the band of comrades who were about to part! If, as is most probable, the brother of Catullus was among them, whose untimely death seems to have made life thenceforth dark to the poet, the lines must have seemed almost prophetic.

“Asia’s cities of renown,” to which the poet refers, were Ephesus, Smyrna, Sardes, Pergamum, Laodiceia, Lampsacus, Cyzicus, &c. Ovid reverts with pleasure to his travels among these noble cities (*Epist. ex Ponto*, II. 10, 21)—

Te duce magnificas Asiæ perspeximus urbes.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF JULIA AND MANLIUS.

Page 77.

This poem is rather a semi-dramatic description of the procession bringing home the bride than an epithalamium, which was a song chanted by youths or virgins, or both, outside the bridal chamber, at the time when the present poem closes.) Of the pure epithalamium we have an example in the 18th Idyll of Theocritus, which is a species of hymn, on the occasion of the marriage of Helen, supposed to be sung by twelve Spartan girls. The action of Catullus's poem passes before us in a series of charming pictures, from the moment when the crowd are waiting to see the bride issue from the paternal roof, till she is left, bathed in blushes, in her bridegroom's arms. "Never," says W. S. Landor, "was there, and never will there be probably, a nuptial song of equal beauty." It has been the model for most of the epithalamia in which our old literature is rich. (Spenser, in his exquisite Epithalamium, the finest in the purity and nobleness of its feeling that ever was written, has availed himself of many of its suggestions.) Jonson, Herrick, and others, do little more than paraphrase its best passages.

The bridegroom in this poem is generally supposed to have been Aulus Manlius Torquatus, of the illustrious house of the Torquati. He was one of the most valued friends of Catullus, as we find from an-

other poem addressed to him (p. 131, *ante*), when apparently he had applied to the poet for consolation in his grief at the loss of that wife whose nuptials had not long before been celebrated with so much exultation.

*Urania's son, whose home is on
The heights of skycy Helicon.—p. 77.*

The parentage of Hymen, as of many other deities, was doubtful. Apollo and the Muse Urania according to some, Bacchus and Venus Urania according to others, were entitled to the honour.

*Flowers around these brows of thine
Of sweet marjoram entwine.—p. 77.*

Hymen was more commonly crowned with roses. Herrick thus follows Catullus in his *Epithalamia on Sir Clipsey Crew and his Lady* :—

Hymen, O Hymen ! tread the sacred ground ;
Show thy white feet and head with marjoram crowned.

Herrick copied Catullus in his worst feature, indelicacy ; and in his epithalamia outdid him. How unfavourably the gross materialism of Herrick in these poems contrasts with the pure glow of Spenser, in which there is intense passion, but sublimated by sentiment and a profound feeling of the reverential

tenderness with which womanhood will always be regarded by those whose love is not of the senses merely !

*As the fragrant myrtle, found
Flourishing on Asian ground, &c.—p. 78.*

The marshy tract of land called Asia, near Mount Tmolos and the river Cayster, was renowned for its myrtles.

*As round its wedded elm the vine
Doth all its clinging tendrils twine.—p. 82.*

This has always been a favourite image with the poets; but it has never been used with greater beauty than in Titania's address to Bottom :—

Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies begone, and be all ways away !
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist ; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm !

And thou white-footed couch, &c.—p. 82.

There is a hiatus in the MS. here. The translator has endeavoured to complete the stanza in the spirit of the original. In illustration of what has been said above as to the coarseness of Herrick in contrast with Catullus, compare this and the next stanza with the

fourteenth stanza of Herrick's *Epithalamia to Sir Thomas Southwell and his Lady*. Does this difference arise from the circumstance that the Roman wrote from a strong, healthy nature, in which the passions needed no stimulus from the imagination, whilst Herrick wrote from mere prurience of fancy?

*Raise, boys, your torches ! raise them high !
I see the scarf of crimson nigh.*—p. 83.

It is interesting to contrast this passage with the fine burst of Spenser in his *Epithalamium* :—

Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe from her chamber of the East,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best,
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been ;
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearls, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
And being crownèd with a garland green,
Seem like some Mayden Queen.

* * * * *

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before ;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store ?

Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips like cherries tempting men to bite,
 Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
 Her paps like lilies budded,
 Her snowy neck like to a marble tower ;
 And all her body like a palace fair,
 Ascending up with many a stately stair,
 To Honour's seat and Chastity's sweet bower.
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring ?

Spenser tells us, at the close of this noble poem, that it was

Made in lieu of many ornaments
 With which my love should duly have been decked,
 but which circumstances prevented her from receiving. Doubtless she was happier to have inspired this song than she would have been with the costliest *trousseau*.

Oh happy bride, how richly blest ! &c.—p. 83.

Several stanzas of the original have been omitted here for obvious reasons. Happily they are of no value to the poem as a poem.

*Thy golden sandalled feet do thou
Lift lightly o'er the threshold now!*—p. 84.

The bride was lifted over the threshold on entering her husband's house, it being of evil omen for the foot to strike against the threshold at such a time. Many reasons have been assigned for this; as, for example, that the threshold was sacred to Vesta, who, as the goddess of chastity, might be offended at the nuptials. This, like many other superstitions, survived the knowledge of its origin. It exists now in many districts of Scotland, where, despite Presbyterianism, numerous relics of pagan superstition are still to be found. The cock, for example, is in some of the Border counties, and also in the Western Highlands, sacrificed by the peasantry as a last resource when an invalid is despaired of. A hole is dug in the floor at the foot of the bed, the cock's throat cut, and the blood allowed to run into the hole, which is then carefully covered up. There seems to be no doubt that this is the old sacrifice to Æsculapius, transmitted to the present day from the Romans of the Empire.

*See where, within, thy lord is set
On Tyrian-tinctured coverlet.*—p. 84.

The famous fresco found in the baths of Titus, which is now in the Vatican, and known as the Aldobrandini Marriage, is almost the counterpart of this

and several of the succeeding verses. The picture is a *pendant* worthy of the poem, and with the help of the two we are enabled thoroughly to realise the concluding incidents of a Roman marriage. Hitherto the bride has advanced resting on the arm of the paranymph, who was of noble birth, and therefore wore the *prætexta*, or robe bordered with purple. She is now handed over to the *pronuba*, who was always a matron only once married, and whose husband was still alive, which is denoted by the line

In bonds of single wedlock tied.

In the Aldobrandini Marriage, the *pronuba*, crowned with a wreath, is seated on the nuptial couch with the bride, apparently soothing her maiden fears, and unrobing her. It was her function to see the bride placed in bed. The remainder of the poem explains itself.

NUPTIAL SONG. Page 88.

This is more properly an epithalamium. That it was composed on the same occasion as the previous poem is one of those absurd conjectures which commentators are so fond of transmitting from hand to hand. The rising of the evening star was the signal for bearing the bride home to her husband's house, and the Chorus may be supposed to have arisen from the bridal feast to assist at the ceremony. Hesperus being the same star as Lucifer, the latest to set and

the earliest to rise, there is peculiar significance in the lines (p. 90) about the lover :—

And him wilt thou, oh Hesper, oft surprise,
When thou in other name dost reappear.

As in a garden grows some floweret fair.—p. 90.

This is one of the many passages of Catullus which poets have been in the habit of adapting. None have succeeded more completely than Ariosto, canto i. 42 :—

La verginella è simile alla rosa,
Che 'n bel giardin su la nativa spina,
Mentre sola e sicura si riposa,
Nè gregge, nè pastor se le avvicina ;
L'aura soave, e l' alba rugiadosa,
L'acqua, la terra al suo fervor s'inchina,
Giovani vaghi, e donne inamorate
Amano averne e seni, e tempie ornate.

Ma non si tosto dal materno stelo
Rimossa viene, e dal suo ceppe verde,
Che, quanto avea da gli uomini, e dal cielo,
Favor, grazia, e bellezza, tutto perde
La vergine, che 'l fior, di che più zelo
Che de begli occhi, e della vita, aver dè,
Lascia altrui corre, il pregio, ch' avea innanti,
Perde nel cor di tutti gli altri amanti.

It has been suggested, with much probability, that Tasso had Catullus in view in the well-known passage which Spenser (*Faery Queen*, B. ii. canto 12) has transmuted into golden English :—

The whiles some one did chant this lovely lay :

Ah ! see, who so fair thing doest fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day !

Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her may.

Lo ! see soon after, how more bold and free
Her barèd bosom she doth broad display ;
Lo ! see soon after how she fades and falls away !

So passeth, in the passing of a day

Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower ;
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady and many a paramour !

Gather, therefore, the rose whilst yet is prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride deflower ;
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst lovèd be with equal crime !

ATYS. Page 93.

The Atys of mythology is a different person from the Atys of Catullus. The former was a Phrygian shepherd, beloved by Cybele, and slain on her account; the latter is her votary merely, and the victim of his own frenzy. For the mythological legend, see Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*, *sub voce* Atys. It is unnecessary to discuss its various forms, or the allegories deduced from it by the later Platonists; for, as Gibbon has said (*Decline and Fall*, cap. 23, note 18), "all the allegories which ever issued from the Platonic school are not worth this short poem of Catullus."

The original is written in Galliambics, so called from Galli, the priests of Cybele, who are said to have used this measure in their sacred songs. It admits of the greatest variety of metre, adapting itself marvelously to every fluctuating emotion which the poet wishes to express. Dryden said of it (*Preface to Translation of Virgil's Eclogues*), "No modern can put into his own language the energy of that single poem of Catullus;" and the assertion has remained, and is likely to remain, undisputed. Assuredly the present version is offered with no hope of shaking its force. The translator has chosen the best measure he could think of to enable him to reflect the original; yet how feeble the reflection, no one can feel more

profoundly than himself. The poem is certainly one of the finest, if not the finest, in the Latin language. "Rolling impetuously along," says Professor Ramsay, "in a flood of wild passion, bodied forth in the grandest imagery and the noblest diction, it breathes in every line the frantic spirit of orgiastic worship, the fiery vehemence of the Greek dithyramb." To attempt a reproduction in English Galliambics would have been fruitless. If these shall ever be written with effect—and that they will not readily be so may fairly be doubted after the experiment of the Laureate in his poem of "Boadicea"—they must be struck out in the heat of original composition. Under the trammels of translation, it is impossible to find the words which alone are suited to the measure, to give the variety of cadence, or to run through the whole gamut of transitions between fury, exultation, rushing speed, and dreamy languor, which are met with in Catullus. We have no other specimens of the measure in ancient Latin. Muretus, in his edition of the poet (Venetiis, 1554), attempts, not very successfully, as we think, a Galliambic hymn to Bacchus. The long compound epithets have so manifestly been hunted up with infinite pains, that even in the rhythm we scarcely catch an echo of the wild music of the Catullian verse. As to the matter of the poem, it is simply "naught." Dunlop (*History of Roman Literature*, v. i. p. 507) mentions a Latin poem in the same measure by Pigna, an Italian poet, who, he says, in many of the lines has

closely followed Catullus. Up to the publication of the first edition of this volume, the translator was aware of no other Galliambics, except the following, composed for the Tercentenary Festival of Trinity College, Cambridge, on the 22d of December 1846, by Augustus Arthur Vansittart and Charles Brodrick Scott, then Scholars, and afterwards Fellows of the College :—

Εἰπέ μοι τί τῆνκαῦτα δρῶμεν, ὦ Κωμαρχίδη ;
ἐμπιεῖν ἔμοιγ' ἀρέσκει.

—ARISTOPH. *Pax*, 1142.

Age, concitate cantus ; age, ludite, bibite ;
Hodiè procax December venit : improba patrio
Venit hora more, lætis dolor exulat animis.
Fugit omnis ægritudo, male sollicita, procul :
Neque displicet joculari, neque desipere pudet.
Breve Di dedere vitæ spatium : nova soboles
Subit indies priori, cita tempora fugiunt,
Adolescit usque natus, genitorque minuitur,
Novaque ordinatur ætas trieteride decimâ :—
Decima et peragitur ætas hodiè, undecima venit,
Deciesque decima nostræ celebrabitur hodiè
Trieteris ædis, ævo neque subripitur honos.
Breve Nestori exprobramus, tria secula, senium,
Superatque nostra regem sapientia Pylum :
Agite, impedita myrto niteat coma viridi,
Hilarem explicate frontem : neque enim sine cyathis

Decus ædis ille nostræ colaphum hostibus adigit,
 Metuendus Atticistis, grave Teutonibus odium,
 Neque poculis secundus, neque acumine metrico.
 Age, barbitos morantem jubet ire celerius
 Pateram, accinitque curvo grave tibia calamo,
 Cava cymbalum per aulæ laquearia reboat,
 Properantque jam cadentes tympana excipere sonos.
 Hodierna turba festis coit undique dapibus,
 Teritur dies loquendo, vetus amphora Thasii
 Pice solvitur Lyæi, neque mensa capit onus ;
 Tenebras lucerna vincit : lepidos agite jocos ;
 Opera invidio renascens referet jubare dies,
 Variis aget sodales nova lux itineribus :
 Aquilonis ille regnum petet, usta loca gelu,
 Petet hic plagas beatas super æquora pelagi,
 Ubi vere sempiterno tepefacta viret humus,
 Viret imputata vitis, vacuusque amat operâ
 Semeleii colonus latices bibere Dei,
 Recubans odorâ in herbâ, tremulo prope resonat
 Ubi murmure unda, terram foliis nemus operit.

Nova dividet sodales redeunte face dies,

Hodiè omnibus bibendum est ; age, ducite cyathos.

Alii Camœna forsân studiis trahit animum,
 Avidoque amore sunt quos Sophia usque retineat,
 Sophia adprobanda paucis, Sophia invida Veneri,
 Adamat quod Alma Mater genus in gremio alere :
 Apud hanc enim soluti remorantur operibus,
 Sua seque garrientes, iterare cata cohors
 “ Placet otium docendi, neque cœlibe melior

Homini petenda vita est, neque sit mihi pueros
Alere usque, turbam edacem, strepituque perimier,
Neque mane semper uxor nova numera rogitet."

Cito dividet sodales redeunte face dies,

Hodiè omnibus bibendum est ; age, ducite cyathos.

Alii forum placebit, strepitant ubi rabulæ,
Scelerata turba, Dîs gens odiosa et hominibus ;
Redimendus ille nummis populo dabit operam,
Sibi protulisse testes catus undique veteres ;
Mera fraus, dolus meracus, male callidus agili
Dare verba utrinque linguâ ; negat omnia pretio,
Pretioque se refellit, pretioque reticuit,
Bonus implicare nodos, neque solvere pigrior.

Nova dividet sodales reduci jubare dies,

Hodiè omnibus bibendum est ; age, ducite cyathos.

Alius paterna agelli sola vomere subiget ;
Subito ecce ! gemma cui nunc rubet Indica digitis,
Syrioque odora nardo nitet in capite coma,
Ovium uncta tractat unctis modo vellera manibus,
Modo curat arva cæno, medicamine liquido
Renovat novale, multis enerve segetibus ;
Nimios crepat calores, mala frigora, pluvias :
Ubi Granta rursus adultam revocat sibi sobolem,
Ibi bellus ille quondam, lepidissimus hominum
Redit inficetus, asper, malè rasmus, agricola.

Nova dividet sodales reduci jubare dies,

Hodiè omnibus bibendum est ; age, ducite cyathos.

Alium trahent honores : petet ille comitia,
Niveâ togâ, tabellis popularibus inhians,

Celebrique signa campo sua proferet ; olidas
 Avidè manusprehendet, facili bene sapiens
 Dare conjugicatellam, dare basia pueris,
 Dare verba mox marito, ut suffragia tulerit.
 Redimite flore crines ; age, ducite cyathos :
 Hodiè domus frequentes nequit accipere epulas :
 Variis aget sodales nova lux itineribus :
 Abigat hodierna curas, abigat mala ; videat
 Hodierna lux bibentes, hodiernaque juvenes :
 Age, concitate cantus ; age, ludite, bibite.

The following translation by Dr Charles Badham of Lord Byron's *Destruction of Sennacherib* into this fascinating metre, will be welcome to scholars :—

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, &c.

Babylonius tyrannus velut in pecora lupus
 Tyrio rubore et auro rutilas agit acies :
 Procul aura lucet hastis ; ita sidera gremio
 Galilaicis in oris aqua cærulea geminat.

Coma ceu virentis anni soboles nemora tegit
 Glomeratur agmen ingens, ubi vespere recubat.
 Veluti cadentis anni ruit in nemora furor,
 Misera strage jacentes sol aspicit oriens.

Fera nam ministra mortis simul aëre volitans
 Grave virus afflat hosti, gelidum obserat oculos
 Medio in sopore letum ; cita corda gemitibus
 Semel ultimis anhelant, moribundaque recidunt.

Patula jacent inertes ibi nare sonipedes,
 Nec in halitu superbo furor ignivomus abit ;
 Sed humi micat supremæ gelidus vapor animæ,
 Spumas gemmas velut natantes aqua saxifraga parit.

Ibi turpia ora pallent, ibi tempora madida
 Stant rore, et arma cæsis maculantur equitibus.
 Neque signa proferuntur, neque castra sonus habet
 Neque tela miles aptat, neque cornua reboant.

Viduarum at ejulatu strepit Assyrius ager,
 Et in æde fracta Beli simulacra corruunt,
 Ubi robur Exterorum sine vi, sine gladio,
 Domino adnenti Divum, citius nive periit.

THE NUPTIALS OF PELEUS AND THETIS. Page 99.

This poem, the longest and among the finest by Catullus, proves that he might have taken the first rank as an epic, as he certainly did as a lyric poet. "The whole poem," it has been finely said by Professor Sellar (*Poets of the Roman Republic*, p. 371), "is pervaded by that calm light of strange loveliness which spreads over the unawakened world in the early sunrise of a summer day." Scaliger's remark is just, that "it approaches nearer the divinity of the *Æneid* than any other poem." It has, not without truth, been added by Lamb, that some part of this divinity was borrowed from it. The parting of Egeus and Theseus

is the prototype of that of Evander and Pallas; the despair of Dido is worked up with sentiment and passion probably suggested by that of Ariadne; and even the beautiful commemoration of Marcellus is an improvement upon the prophecy of the career of Achilles.—(Lamb's *Catullus*, v. ii. p. 117.) With the exception of one or two short passages, where the movement of the narrative drags, or the imagery is over-elaborated, the poem is masterly in design and treatment. The opening is brilliant and picturesque; the episode of Ariadne grandly passionate; the introduction of the celestial guests towards the close sustains the interest, which, after the strain of high passion with which that episode is wrought, would have been apt to flag; the description of the Parcae and their chant, with the solemn monotony of its refrain, is almost Homeric in force and picturesqueness; and the concluding lament for the withdrawal of the gods from earth is, in truth, what Gifford has termed it, “a grand burst of poetry.” Surely the criticism is of a shallow kind which complains that the episode of Ariadne occupies a disproportionate space. In the number of lines it may be long relatively to the rest of the poem, but this is compensated by the fire and rapidity of the movement. Shakespeare's few words—

Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjuries and unjust flight—

seem to concentrate the whole tale ; but how much of this may be due to the circumstance, that we have previously followed it through all its windings under the spell of Catullus's verse ? He, it is manifest, was possessed by the fine dramatic incidents of the story. He did not stay to think how long or how short the space to be devoted to it should be. It fired his genius, and dictated the length to which its development should be carried. What part of all that he has written upon it could we wish away ?

The translator has ventured to abandon the heroic couplet in rendering Ariadne's lament. The ballad measure seemed to afford more scope for the sway and eddies of the passion, and to gain in force, movement, and variety, if at some sacrifice, perhaps, of epic stateliness. The noble hexameters of Catullus answer to every demand of poetic expression, from flowing description to the wildest passion ; whereas the greatest masters of our English heroic verse have hardly succeeded in avoiding monotony, when great variety of emotion is required to be expressed.

For the traditional incidents alluded to in the poem, the reader is referred to Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, sub vocibus*, Argo, Peleus, Jason, Egeus, Theseus, Achilles.

*With woe-struck gaze across the waters lone,
Like some distracted Mænad carved in stone,
The maiden eyes him from afar, &c.—p. 103.*

The authors of *The Maid's Tragedy* had Catullus in their mind when they wrote the fine scene (act ii. sc. 2) in which Aspatia is shown the story of Theseus and Ariadne wrought in needlework by her maid Antiphila :—

Aspatia.—But where's the lady?

Antiphila.—There, madam!

Asp.—Fie! you have missed it here, Antiphila;
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me,
Do it by me, the lost Aspatia;
And you will find all true but the wild island.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and my hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken. Do my face,
If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow,
Thus, thus, Antiphila; strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and behind me
Make all a desolation. See, see, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture!

*Elsewhere upon that coverlet of sheen,
Bounding along was blooming Bacchus seen.*

—p. 114.

Titian must have had this passage of Catullus in view when he painted the Bacchus and Ariadne of our National Gallery. The circumstance of Bacchus flinging himself from his car towards Ariadne is a touch due to the painter alone. All the other incidents are to be found in the poet, down to the limbs of the "dis-membered steer," and the tinkling triangles, which I conjecture to be indicated by the line

Aut tereti tenues tinnitus ære ciebant.

*Her nurse at morn shall find the thread too tight,
Which more than spans her maiden throat to-night.*

—p. 120.

This test of the consummation of the marriage rite—a common one with the ancients—still survives in England and elsewhere. It is said by some physiologists to be not without foundation. "Les anciens," says Pezay, "avaient encore confiance à un autre symbole toute aussi ridicule et aussi absurde pour connaître la virginité des filles. On mesurait avec un fil la grosseur de la gorge. Ensuite la jeune personne soupçonnée prenait dans les dents les deux extrémités du fil magique. Si la tête passait dans le tour que ce fil pouvait former, il était clair que la vièrge ne l'était plus. D'après quoi toutes les filles grosses pou-

vaient passer pour des Catins, et les maigres pour des Vestales."

*Grim-fronted Mars, or rushing Triton's queen,
Or the Rhamnusian virgin, &c.—p. 121.*

Triton was a torrent in Bœotia; also a river and marsh in Africa. Both were sacred to Pallas. Nemesis was the Rhamnusian virgin, so called from Rhamnus, a town in Attica. The crimes alluded to in the concluding lines of the poem are probably the murder by Catiline of his son, who was an obstacle to his marriage with Aurelia Orestilla, a fact mentioned by Sallust and Cicero; and the incestuous passion of Semiramis for her son Ninus.

TO HORTALUS. Page 123.

These beautiful lines, which accompanied, in fulfilment of some old promise, the gift to Hortalus of a translation by Catullus of the poem of Callimachus, called *Berenice's Hair*, were obviously written soon after Catullus had lost his brother. Like all which the poet wrote upon this subject, they are full of tenderness and feeling. The concluding lines have been as much admired for their beauty as condemned for their inappropriateness. The translator has done his best to give them some bearing upon the rest of the poem; but the connection is so hard to recognise

that he may well be pardoned if the attempt has failed. The gift of an apple between lovers had a peculiar significance, and implied a foregone conclusion as to the complete reciprocity of the lady's affection. This explains why a maiden might well blush when, starting up on the entrance of her mother, "the tell-tale apple," thrust hastily into the folds of her dress, fell to the ground. She, however, needed no such remembrancer of her passion or her promises; and her confusion would therefore arise not from being thus unexpectedly reminded of these, but from quite another cause. One cannot, therefore, see wherein the fitness of the simile consists, as applied to the case supposed by Catullus, that he might be suspected of having forgotten his promise to his friend, till casually reminded of it.

The melody

Which by the woful Daulian bird is made.—p. 123.

Daulia in Thrace having been the scene of the tragic story of Itys, the nightingale is called here and elsewhere the "Daulian bird."

BERENICE'S HAIR. Page 125.

This poem is a choice specimen of the flattery of a courtier poet. Ptolemæus Euergetes, king of Egypt, having married his sister Berenice, a proceeding not

inconsistent with the Egyptian code, was a few days afterwards called away upon a martial expedition against the Syrians. Berenice vowed an offering of her hair to Venus Zephyritis if her husband should return triumphant. He did return, and the vow was paid, but a few days afterwards the queenly tresses were missed from the temple, and Conon, the Court astronomer, accounted for the mysterious disappearance by pretending to discover them in the shape of a new constellation. Though by no means a poem of a high class, it is not destitute of merit. There is a fine extravagance about it, especially at the close, which is not without its charm. It is obvious that Pope took from it some hints for the *Rape of the Lock*. He alludes to it in the lines (canto iv.)—

Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.

And the lines beginning—

But what can stand against the might of steel?
—p. 127, *ante*,

are directly imitated in the following passage of the third canto of the same poem :—

What time could spare from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate.
Steel could the labours of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy ;

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground ;
What wonder, then, fair nymph, thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisting steel ?

“It is strange,” says Professor Sellar, “to find a poet of so much nature and originality striving to imitate the laboured efforts of the courtly pedants of Alexandria. The admiration of Catullus for Callimachus might be compared with the aspiration which Burns has expressed for ‘Shenstone’s art.’ It is the admiration of youthful genius, not sure of its own powers, for established reputation, learning, and artistic skill.”

Didst thou that deed of noble note forget, &c.—p. 126.

The deed here alluded to was the rescue by Berenice of her father in battle. The virtues of the lady were of an Amazonian character.

*But though the footsteps of the gods by night
Trample me down.—p. 129.*

The constellation *Coma Berenices* is situated in the Milky Way, the road, according to mythological tradition, by which the gods passed to and from Olympus.

TO MANLIUS. Page 131.

This Manlius is supposed to be the friend whose marriage with Julia Catullus had previously made the theme of his song. She is apparently just dead ; and Manlius in his grief has written to ask Catullus, then at Verona, to cheer him with some verses, and also to send him some books to read. Catullus, himself suffering under the deep depression caused by the recent loss of his brother, writes to explain why he cannot gratify either of his friend's requests. Muretus speaks in rapturous terms of this poem : "*Pulcherrima omnino hæc elegia est, atque haud scio, an ulla pulchrior in omni Latina lingua reperiri queat. Nam et dictio purissima est, et mira quâdam affectuum varietate permista oratio est, et tot ubique aspersa verborum ac sententiarum lumina, ut ex hoc uno poemate perspicere liceat, quantum Catullus ceteris in hoc genere omnibus præstare potuerit, si vim ingenii sui ad illud excolendum contulisset.*" This is the excusable enthusiasm of the editor for his poet. Fine as the poem is, it is by no means of the first class. In the form in which it was presented by Muretus, and has indeed been generally printed, as part of one long poem, of which the next poem in the translation (p. 134 *et seq., ante*) forms the concluding part, one feels some surprise that Muretus should have thought it

worthy of a panegyric so unbounded; for there is surely in the latter half of the poem very little that is worthy of the genius of Catullus. The present translator, in the course of his task, had come to the conclusion that two poems had somehow or other become mixed up into one; and that the first and last sections must have been addressed to two different persons. The obvious close of the subject, where the translator has ended the lines to Manlius—the discord between all that followed with the assurance on which these lines proceed, that Catullus was too wholly out of spirits to write—the meaningless repetition of the lament for his brother, and numerous other indications, had led to this conclusion, upon which the translator had acted, dividing the poem into two. It was therefore gratifying to him to find, on subsequently meeting with Theodor Heyse's edition of Catullus, that this editor had adopted a similar subdivision on the authority of the MSS.—a view concurred in by Lachmann and Rossbach. The poems gain greatly by being thus separated. In the lines to Manlius all is simple and clear. The rest of the poem is hopelessly obscure in many of its allusions, and clumsy in construction; its illustrations are far-fetched, and the style generally inferior to the other serious efforts of Catullus. Its merits scarcely repay the labour of construing it, much less, it is to be feared, of turning it into English elegiac verse.

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO. Page 134.

It is a curious illustration of the tricks which an editor's imagination is apt to play, that most of the commentators of Catullus have discovered great beauty in the opening lines of this poem, as though, after assuring his friend Manlius that he could not possibly write a line, he was suddenly so overcome by an impulse of gratitude, that he launched at once into this panegyric of his friend. It is much more probable, so far as all internal evidence goes, that this poem was addressed, not to Manlius, but to quite a different person; and that the name "Manius," which occurs in some of the MSS., having been read carelessly by the transcribers, led to the two poems being run into one, as though they had been addressed to the same person on the same occasion. Each poem, as divided in the foregoing translation, is complete in itself. Each has a distinct character. That to Manlius is spontaneous, easy, simple, and full of feeling; the other laboured, pretentious, and cold. In both, the best passages are those which refer to the death of the poet's brother. But how much superior is the short burst of grief in the former, to the elaborate and somewhat pedantic reference in the latter to the poetical associations with Troy? Certainly Catullus was not in his happiest vein when he sat down to thank his

friend for his generosity; and his friend has not much to thank Catullus for in being immortalised for generosity of so peculiar a kind. That it was Lesbia who shared her favours with Catullus and his friend, like Cunegonde with her Hebrew and the Grand Inquisitor, has been alleged by many of the commentators. But for this suggestion there is no foundation whatever. Originally some mere pedant's conjecture, it has been repeated, as so many similar conjectures are repeated, without thought or inquiry. All the probabilities are against it. Catullus loved Lesbia too deeply ever to have maintained the indifference to her infidelities, into which he so coolly reasons himself in regard to the lady of this poem. Much more might be urged against the conjecture, were the inquiry of the slightest moment.

The translator has followed Heyse in addressing the poem to Manius Acilius Glabrio; but the authority for this is worse than doubtful. Rossbach and Lachmann think that Allius was most probably the name, founding their conjecture on the readings of the best MS. Thus v. 41—QUAM FALLIUS IN RE, which should be *quâ me, Allius, in re*, the F being easily mistaken for E in the uncial character; v. 49, *In deserto ali*—i.e., *In deserto Alli*; v. 150, *Pro multis aliis, redditur officiis*, thus corrected by Rossbach—*Pro multis, Alli, &c.*

TO AURELIUS AND FURIUS. Page 37.

These are the friends through whom Catullus sent his message to Lesbia (see pp. 18 and 192). They are no friends now; so at least we must conclude, if we read this poem seriously. The poet seems to have taken great umbrage at their grounding a charge against the purity of his life upon the warmth of his verses. According to our notions, they might have rested the charge upon more practical grounds. The verses might be no worse than much that was then current in the best society of Rome; but in some of his poems Catullus himself paints enough of his life to show that it was not what could at any time have been regarded as "chaste." Nor doubtless did Catullus himself so regard it; but he could not brook that a pair of profligates like his quondam friends should set themselves up as critics of his morals.



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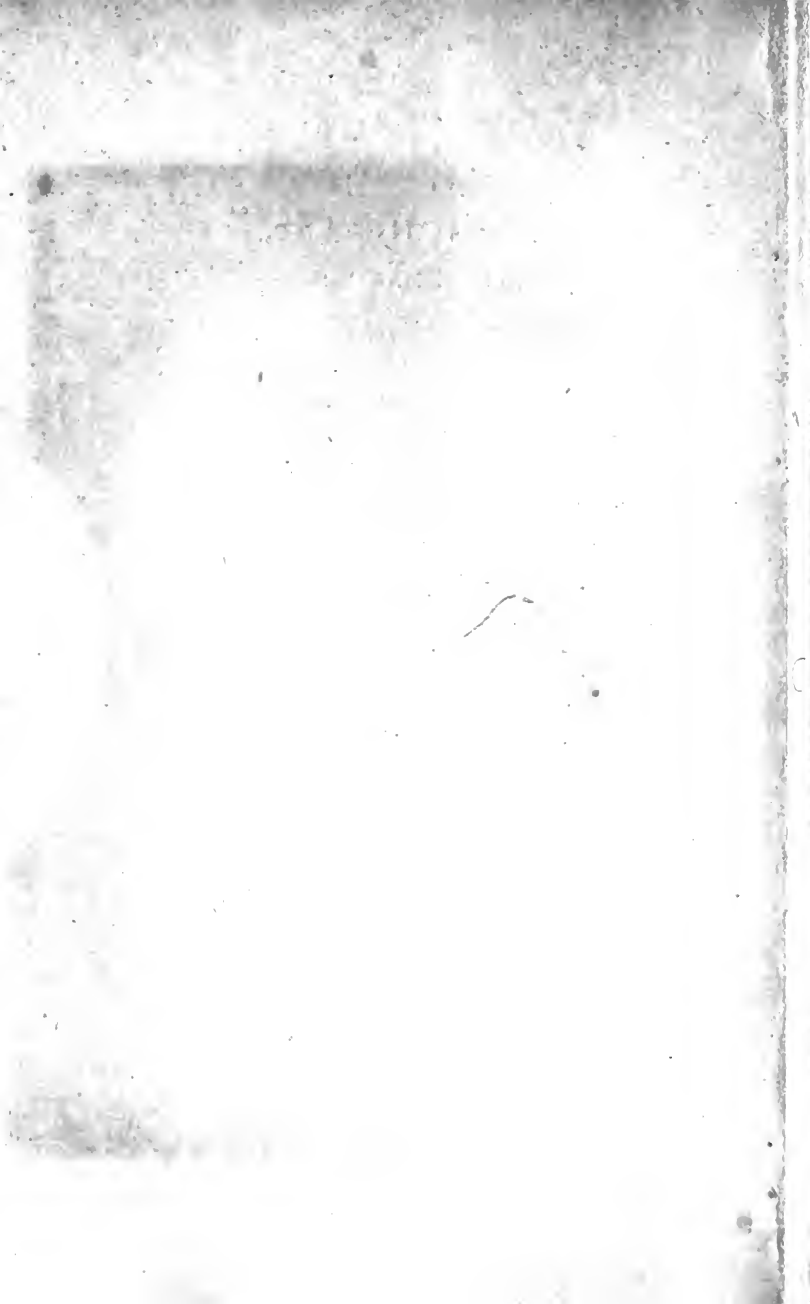
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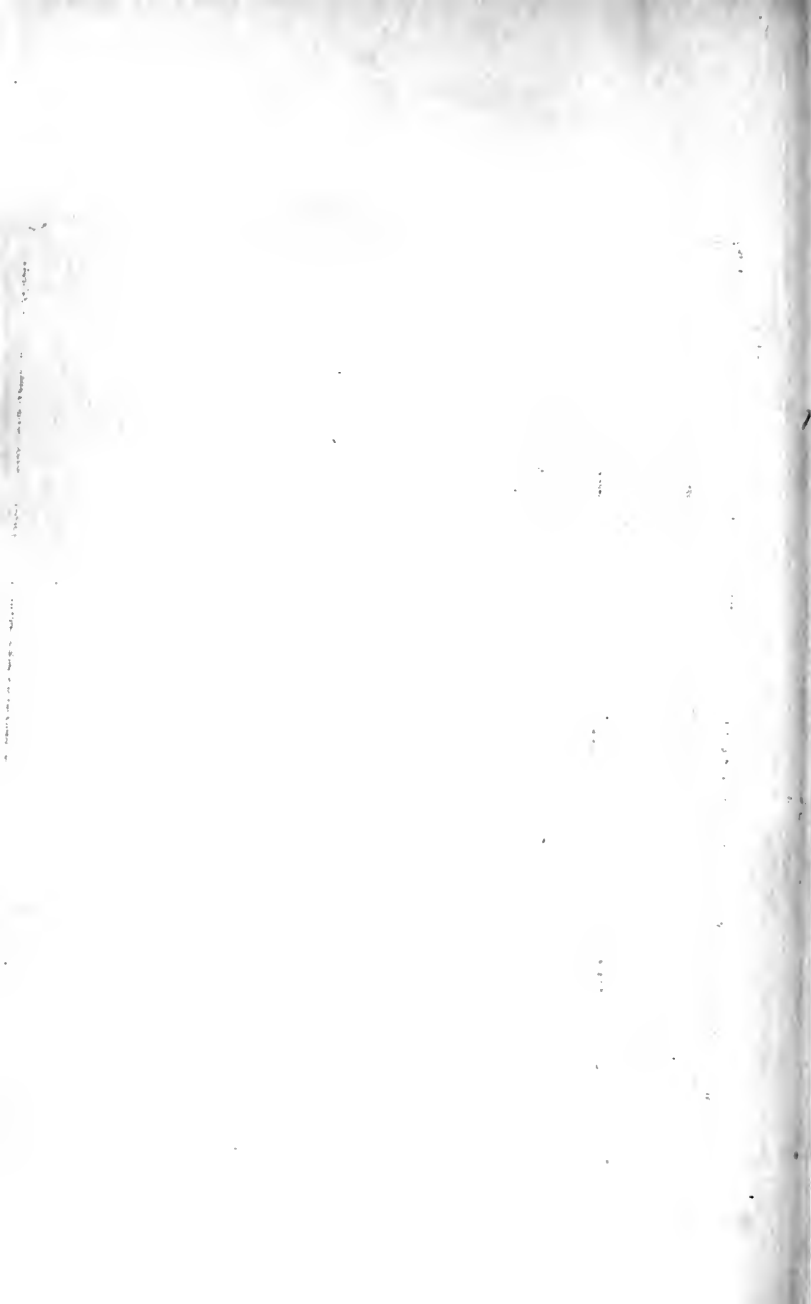
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